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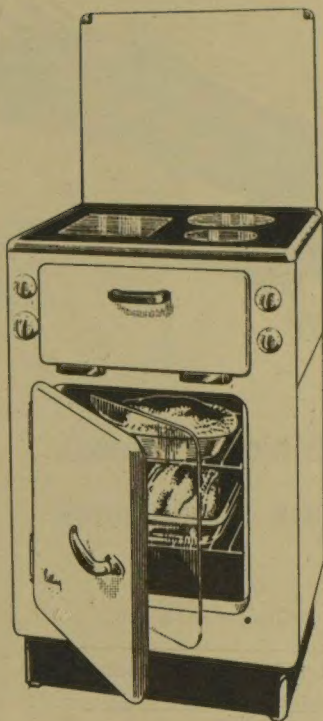
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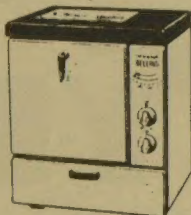


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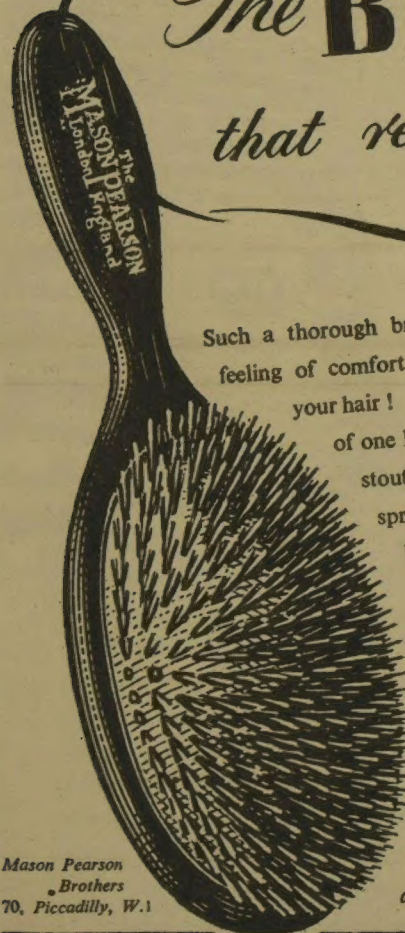
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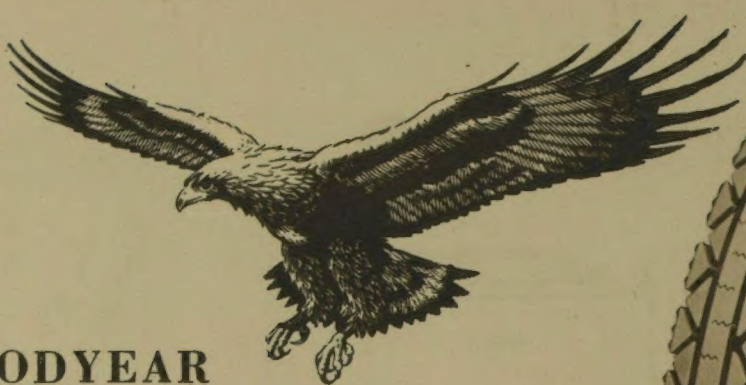
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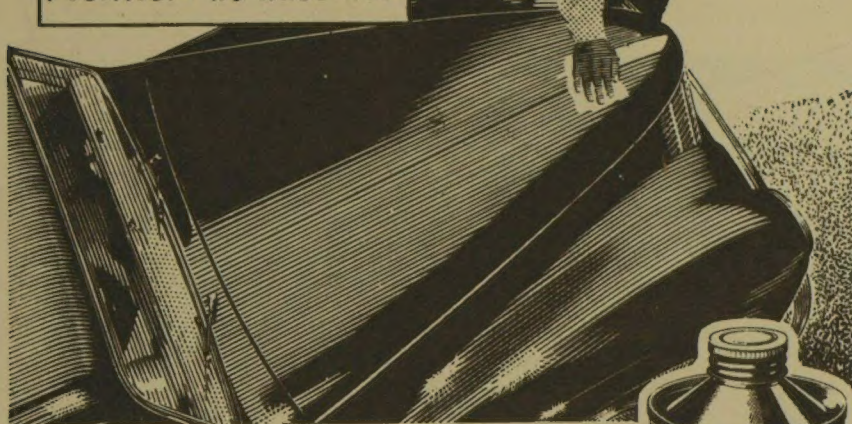
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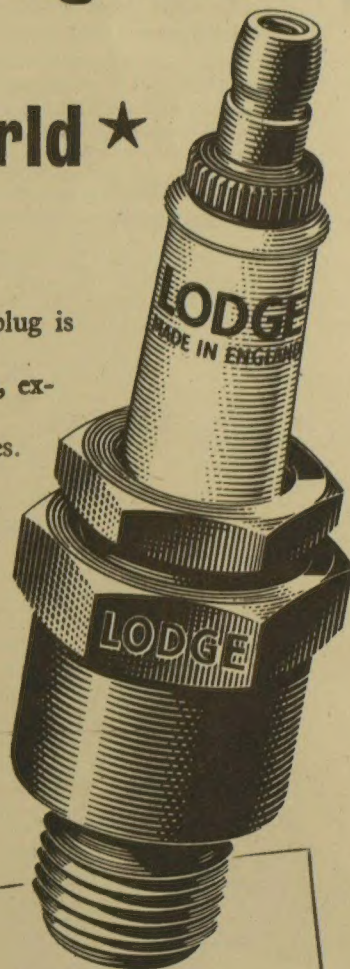
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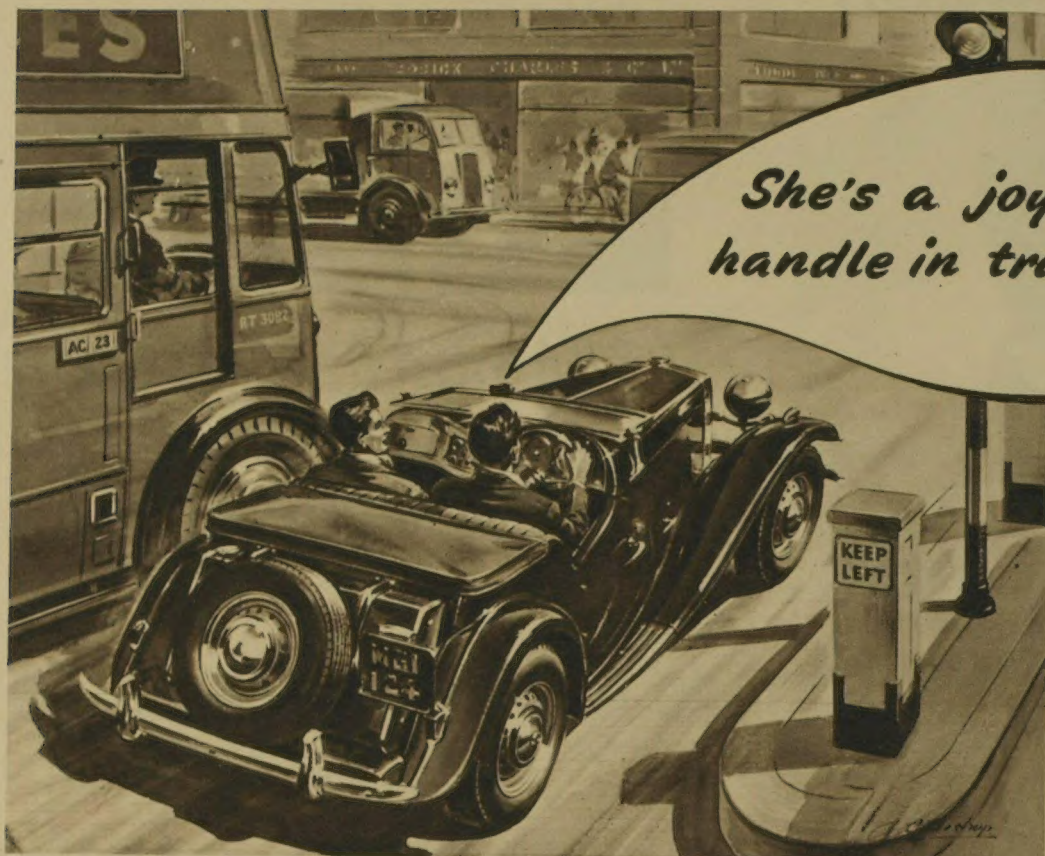
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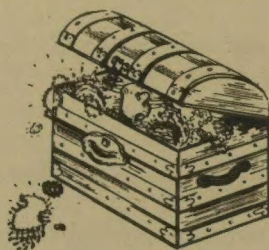


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## Treasure Hunt



It is not surprising, with so many people treasure-hunting for fine knitwear, that you may have a deal of searching to do for a Barrie creation. These beautiful garments are, of course, the natural choice of men and women whose possessions reflect their appreciation of good things. As with all such treasures, Barrie knitwear is expensive, for only the finest Cashmere, Shetland, and real Lambswool are used in the Barrie mills, and the best is rarely the cheapest. Into each of them goes the traditional skill of Hawick craftsmen—skilled hands attending tiny details. Whilst people overseas continue to demand more of the best in knitwear, it is regretted that home supplies must remain limited. But weary not, Aladdin may smile upon you in your treasure hunt.



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# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SATURDAY, MARCH 1, 1952.



THE TWENTY-ONE-YEAR-OLD ENGLISH GIRL WHO SECURED FOR BRITAIN ITS FIRST GOLD MEDAL IN THE SIXTH OLYMPIC WINTER GAMES IN OSLO: MISS JEANNETTE ALTWEGG SEEN IN A STRIKING ACTION PHOTOGRAPH.

On February 20 Miss Jeannette Altwegg, the twenty-one-year-old English skater, secured for Britain its first Gold Medal of the Sixth Winter Olympic Games when she won the women's figure-skating championship. Miss Altwegg, who was drawn first, was on the top of her form, and gave a wonderful performance of pure amateur skating. Miss Altwegg won with 161.760 points; Miss Tenley Albright, a sixteen-year-old American girl, was second with 159.133 points,

and Miss Jacqueline du Bief, of France, was third with 158. Miss Altwegg, who also holds the World (1951), European and British championships, has now announced her retirement from competitive skating. She has decided that there is something more in life than winning medals and intends to take up child welfare work. The last time Britain won the Olympic women's figure-skating title was in 1908, when it was won by Mrs. Edgar Syers.





By ARTHUR BRYANT.

SOME weeks ago there appeared in the Press a letter under the distinguished name of Air Chief-Marshall Sir Frederick Bowhill, pleading most eloquently for a reprieve for, and restoration of, the imperial flying-boat service in which Britain had, so rightly as a maritime Power, led the world since the early days of aviation. I am far too ignorant of the immensely complex technicalities involved to be able to form any judgment on the immediate merits of this eminent air officer's—and one-time naval officer's—plea. Yet I feel that it raises a question of principle that goes to the roots of our history as a nation, and which ought to be pondered deeply, not irrespective of but in close connection with the technical questions involved. We owe it not only to ourselves but to our posterity, to consider most carefully all that is involved.

The point, as I see it, is this. We are a people whose whole existence as anything more than a small agricultural community with a tenth of our present home population is, and long has been, bound up with our use and control of the sea. Measured in land space, our homeland is a very small one: far smaller than that of any other great Power in Europe or the world. It supports, it is true, and has done so for the past century, a population that bears little relation to so minute a geographical area, but it only does so because we are able at all times to transport the bulk of that population's foods and the raw materials of its labour across the oceans. This involves a consideration which has nothing to do with the immediate question at

which was so many other things, was also a sea victory—possibly the most important in our history. It contributed to keep us on an island when our being an island mattered more than at almost any moment in time. The day may come—though for technical reasons connected with tides and storms I doubt it—when the passage of the sea by merchant ships and transports may be fought for entirely by war-craft which never themselves touch the sea's surface, but which operate continuously in the air. Yet—and the operative word is over—they will still have to operate over the sea. To appreciate how true this is one has only to measure the size of this country and set it against the immense area of the seas which encircle it. No one can appreciate this better than an airman used to flying from our shores, not merely in the direction of Europe, but in all those other directions which those who go about Britain's business have to follow. We are an island encompassed by unending immensities of sea and air, and most of that air is over the sea.

For this reason, in an age when the part of aircraft in our national defence and livelihood becomes of increasing importance with every year, the facility with which our aircraft can navigate the skies over the oceans is of immense importance to us. And even flying over the ocean is different to flying over the land. And it is here that we possess not only a responsibility but an asset which other nations do not possess and, I believe, are unlikely to possess. For our island situation has gradually forced on us the realisation

—so exceedingly difficult for man, a land animal, to grasp otherwise—that control of the meaningless wastes of salt and stormy water that cover two-thirds of our planet is the ultimate key both to global power and to national security—"a fair portion in this world," as the great Lord Halifax called it, "and very well worth the preserving." Others will always compete with us—and owing to their greater populations—usually successfully, in military competition to command the land. Because of the obvious vulnerability of all countries now to air attack, they are likely to do so, too, to command the air over the land. But command of the sea and command of the air over the sea we can probably have, at most periods, if—but only if—we are prepared to devote our principal national resources to securing it.

The issue is not the simple one that was presented to us, as a result of Treasury parsimony and electoral folly, by the protagonists of sea and air power

in the tragic years immediately before the last war. At that time there was so little money allocated for the vital purposes of defence, in a strategic world in which the unfamiliar element of air had been suddenly added to the familiar element of sea, that the men who were responsible for our naval and air defences were driven, however reluctantly, to contend against one another for necessities vital to both. It was made to seem to those responsible for naval defence that a man like Lord Trenchard, pleading like an Old Testament prophet for an air strength which he knew to be essential to the country's survival, was seeking a diminution of the Fleet which they equally knew to be indispensable if our life-line was not to be broken when war came. In fact, as we can now see, Lord Trenchard, and those who like him created an independent Royal Air Force and ceaselessly pleaded its cause in a time of neglect and an insane economy, twice saved England from unspeakable disaster: once in 1940, when the R.A.F. won its salvationist victory under Lord Dowding, and again in the winter of 1943-44, when the striking long-distance Bomber Force for which Lord Trenchard had pleaded all his life struck down Hitler's secret weapons in their own workshops on the distant Baltic shore and saved us, our capital and our D-Day ports from annihilation. There can be few men in our history to whom England owes so great a debt. What are now needed are men with equal vision and foresight to make the defensive and offensive—for without a powerful offensive there can be no defence or deterrent—use of air power and the air weapon serve Britain's unchanged and unchanging need to control the passage of the seas.

#### LAKE EYRE—AUSTRALIA'S DEAD HEART—AS A SHEET OF WATER.



A STRIKING CONTRAST TO THE PHOTOGRAPHS ON OUR FACING PAGE, WHICH ILLUSTRATE LAKE EYRE'S RAPID SHRINKAGE: WAVES LAPPING THE SHORES OF THE AREA WHEN, FOLLOWING HEAVY RAINFALLS, IT HAD BECOME AN INLAND SEA IN 1950. The astonishing change in Lake Eyre, South Australia, the 3500-square-mile salt desert depression known as the Dead Heart of Australia, is illustrated by the photograph on this page and those on our facing page. This picture, taken in 1950, shows the area as it was then, transformed by unusually heavy rainfalls into a huge inland sea, the waters whipped into waves. The illustrations opposite depict Lake Eyre as it was in December 1951, the waters rapidly evaporating, soon to return to its desert condition. It is expected to be dry by March.

"Oh, where are you going to, all you Big Steamers, With England's own coal, up and down the salt seas?"  
"We are going to fetch you your bread and your butter, Your beef, pork, and mutton, eggs, apples and cheese. . . ."  
"... For the bread that you eat and the biscuits you nibble, The sweets that you suck and the joints that you carve, They are brought to you daily by all us Big Steamers, And if any one hinders our coming you'll starve!"

Poets can sometimes express such truths even better than Air Marshals and Chancellors of the Exchequer. That, after all, is a poet's business, which is to perceive the things that really matter and to express them in such a way that others, even the most purblind, can perceive them too.

The question is this. Has the coming of the air weapon and of air power—for, though these are different things, they both exist and affect us profoundly—eliminated the fundamental fact that we depend for our existence on the use and control of the sea? And I do not see how any fair-minded and thoughtful man can maintain that it has. Though the threat from the air might destroy us irrespective of sea-power, we could still starve in a matter of weeks, even if our air forces were the most powerful in the world and our liners held the blue ribbon of every sky. We should do so automatically if we were to lose the ability to transport goods freely across the seas that surround us. We could still be wiped out, as we could have been wiped out in October, 1940, after our air victory in the Battle of Britain, if, though our pilots commanded our home skies, the narrow seas around us could be successfully crossed by an enemy army. Sea power remains, and is always likely, I think, to remain, vital to us.

But sea power cannot any longer be exercised by warships alone. It could not even be so exercised at the start, let alone the end of the last war. The narrow seas could not be defended in 1940 merely on the sea. They had to be defended as well in the air above the sea. The Battle of Britain,





LAKE EYRE'S SHORT-LIVED TRANSFORMATION INTO A SHEET OF WATER: MEMBERS OF MR. BONYTHON'S DECEMBER, 1951, EXPEDITION GAZING AT THE REDUCED VOLUME OF WATER.



WHERE A YEAR AGO WATER LAPPED THE BASE OF THE DUNES ON THE LEFT: A BEACH OF WHITE RIPPLED SAND REVEALED BY THE EIGHT- TO NINE-FOOT FALL OF WATER.

**LAKE EYRE'S TRANSFORMATIONS: AN AUSTRALIAN DESERT WHICH BECAME A LAKE, AND IS NOW RETURNING TO DESERT.**

Lake Eyre, South Australia, once part of a great inland sea, though marked on maps as a lake, had long been a salt wilderness of 3500 sq. miles, 40 ft. below sea-level. Heavy rainfall transformed it into a sheet of water, as illustrated in our issues of August 19, 1950, and December 16, 1950 (the latter period being when the water was at its highest level), by photographs from the scientific party led by Mr. C. Warren Bonython. In September, 1950, air observations showed muddy water entering the lake from Cooper's Creek and from two rivers, with the result that the northern end contained fresh, and the southern salt, water. It was known that these conditions would be temporary.

Sir Douglas Mawson, Professor of Geology at the University of Adelaide, stated that, with an evaporation rate of 100 ins. a year, the water would soon dry up. The photographs by Mr. C. Warren Bonython reproduced on this page were taken in December, 1951, when he found the water had fallen 8 to 9 ft.; that the lake contained only perhaps 500 sq. miles of water, and that this concentrated saline remnant (approximately 20 per cent. salt) had retreated to where it can be seen on the right of each photograph. The whole of the middle and north parts were dry, and only two remnants of water remained in the south-east and south-west corners of Lake Eyre North. It was expected to dry up in March.

*Photographs by C. Warren Bonython.*



## THE NEW NIGERIAN PARLIAMENT OPENS: AN ADVENTURE IN GOVERNMENT.



THE "GRAND OLD MAN" OF NIGERIA, THE ALAKE OF ABEOKUTA, IN HIS ROBES, BEING PHOTOGRAPHED OUTSIDE THE NEW HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

(ABOVE.) THE ONI OF IFE, WITH HIS WIFE, ARRIVING FOR THE OPENING OF THE NEW NIGERIAN HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES AT LAGOS ON JANUARY 29.

NIGERIA'S new constitution, which was promulgated in July, 1951, has now begun to come into operation. The first six months were occupied in somewhat complicated electioneering as a result of which there are now in existence four bodies: the three Regional Houses of Assembly and the Houses of Chiefs of the Northern, Western and Eastern Regions; and the central House of Representatives at Lagos. The first three opened their

*(Continued opposite.)*

(RIGHT.) HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR OF NIGERIA, SIR JOHN MACPHERSON, STEPS FROM HIS CAR FOR THE CEREMONIES OPENING THE SESSION OF THE NEW HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES AT LAGOS.



WITH H.E. THE GOVERNOR (LEFT) AT THE OPENING OF THE NEW HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES: MAJOR-GENERAL C. B. FAIRBANKS (RIGHT), G.O.C. NIGERIA DISTRICT.



DELEGATES FROM NORTHERN NIGERIA, LED BY THE EMIR OF GUMEL (EXTREME LEFT), ARRIVING FOR THE FIRST SESSION OF THE NIGERIAN HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

*(Continued.)* time as President of the House of Representatives, a position roughly equivalent to that of Speaker. The new House is for the most part a young one, the majority of the members being under forty. There are 148 members, of whom twelve are Europeans; and of these twelve, six are Government officials, six representatives



## DEMOCRACY AT WORK IN NIGERIA, THE FIRST SESSION OF THE NEW HOUSE.



NIGERIA'S NEW PARLIAMENT BUILDING, THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, A FEW DAYS BEFORE ITS COMPLETION AND THE OPENING OF THE FIRST SESSION ON JANUARY 29.



(ABOVE.)  
MR. BEN ENWONWU, THE INTERNATIONALLY-KNOWN NIGERIAN SCULPTOR, AT WORK CARVING THE THRONE WHICH SERVES AS THE SPEAKER'S CHAIR IN THE NEW PARLIAMENT.



(Continued.) sessions early in January; and the first session of the House of Representatives was opened on Jan. 29. This inaugural session was an occasion of some ceremony, preceded by a service at the Anglican Cathedral and an inspection of a guard of honour by H.E. the Governor, Sir John Macpherson. The Governor then read the Address from the Throne, welcoming the new members; and then, after changing into mufti, resumed his place, but this

(Continued below, left)

(LEFT.) TAKING THE ROYAL SALUTE OF THE GUARD OF HONOUR AT THE OPENING OF THE NEW HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES AT LAGOS. H.E. THE GOVERNOR, SIR JOHN MACPHERSON



SOME OF THE 148 MEMBERS OF THE NEW NIGERIAN HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, PHOTOGRAPHED AT THE OPENING OF THE FIRST SESSION. TWELVE ONLY ARE EUROPEANS.

of British commercial and industrial interests. Only thirteen of the new House were members of the old Legislative Council. In the Address from the Throne it was pointed out that Nigeria was setting out on "a great adventure" and that a democratic system required mutual tolerance and goodwill.



ONE OF THE SIXTY-EIGHT MEMBERS FROM THE NORTHERN REGION, MOST OF WHOM ARE MUSLIMS, ARRIVING FOR THE OPENING OF THE FIRST SESSION.





A NEW BRITISH EXPEDITION TO GREENLAND: CUTTING STEPS UP THE SIDE OF AN ICE GORGE IN THE STORSTRØM GLACIER;  
A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN DURING A RECONNAISSANCE LAST SUMMER.

A new British expedition plans to sail from England next July to explore a mountain range in north-east Greenland and the unknown part of the ice cap that lies beyond. The party is to be led by Commander C. J. W. Simpson, R.N., who led the reconnaissance expedition last summer. About nine-tenths of Greenland consists of a sheet of ice 1600 miles long and 600 miles wide, which

rises in the centre to a height of about 10,000 ft. While surveys of the mountainous coastal ranges surrounding the ice cap have been nearly completed, little is known of the interior. It is the main purpose of the British North Greenland Expedition, now forming up, to investigate, with the aid of new techniques, the nature of the huge ice cap. In particular, the expedition

*[Continued opposite.]*





PART OF THE MYSTERIOUS MANTLE WHICH COVERS MOST OF GREENLAND: THE EDGE OF THE ICE CAP FROM THE AIR.

*Continued.*  
intends to test the theory that what the ice of Greenland hides is not one vast unbroken island, but a number of islands scattered in a hitherto unsuspected sea. Greenland is Danish territory, and it is only through Danish co-operation and courtesy that this venture is made possible. The strength of the party will be about twenty-four, of whom about half will be scientists or technicians.

The Royal Navy and the Army are contributing personnel and stores. The R.A.F. has undertaken a programme of Arctic flying—essential to the success of the venture; and the expedition has been made possible by the generosity of Merchant Navy interests in the City of London, who have guaranteed the cost of the whole non-Service element and are also contributing some personnel.



AFTER every war, as soon as light has been thrown upon the relative darkness in which it was shrouded during its course, criticism of motives and methods assumes new force. Many powerful minds, prevented by lack of material or other causes, such as patriotism, from enunciating views hostile to national policy, or the policy of allies, now feel themselves free to do so. In the case of the Second World War, their reasons are particularly strong. For Britain, the United States, and their friends and allies of to-day the fruits of victory have furnished a disappointing harvest. A Power dangerous to the peace of the world seems to have replaced that which was fought and conquered in the war. States which might have lived in friendly social and economic intercourse with all others have been roped off, isolated, even split in two, turned into outworks of that Power and, in some cases, strongly occupied by its armed forces. Normal production of goods has been diminished by excessive demand for arms. Turmoil has been as widespread as after the First World War, while acute anxiety has been aroused even among the strongest, which was not then the case.

From time to time it has been argued that one of the reasons for the disappointing outcome of the war lay in the inexperience of the United States, now in the 'unaccustomed position of senior partner among allies in a great war, of European politics and even of the principles which should guide participants in such a business. Critics of American policy and higher strategy have arisen among Americans themselves. Some, who have advanced no criticism, have shown themselves doubtful. General Bradley, for example, after remarking that he "was no less beguiled than the others on the Soviet's post-war intentions," makes the curious admission: "As soldiers we looked naively on this British inclination to complicate the war with political foresight and non-military objectives." To students of war it is indeed a startling notion that political foresight should be considered a "complication," but the word "naively" comes near to a confession of error. By far the most convinced, elaborate, and best-documented exposition of this thesis is to be found in "The Struggle for Europe," a massive, but at the same time, lively and readable book.\*

Mr. Chester Wilmot is concerned with the post-war world, but does not write about it. He carries his story only up to the end of hostilities. He considers that the unfolding of Western strategy will suffice in itself to make the present situation clear, to show why the allies of the West "while gaining military victory, suffered political defeat," and why they failed to establish in Eastern Europe the principles of the Atlantic Charter for which they had fought. At the same time, he does describe certain operations in great military detail, particularly those of the struggle in Normandy. This he justifies by the statement that it was the great test of the alliance in action and its greatest victory. I myself feel that his book is rather unbalanced, and that the excellent account of this long battle, on the scale which he has accorded to it, tends to obscure his aims and the lessons which he seeks to draw from his survey of allied strategy. However, it does not in any way prejudice his case. In certain respects this is very strong. In others he appears to overplay his hand. Yet, even when I find myself in disagreement with him, I find him interesting and provocative of thought, and this is as true of his treatment of purely strategic Anglo-American differences, such as that between Montgomery's "narrow front" and Eisenhower's "broad front" strategy, as of that of political differences.

One of the keynotes of Mr. Wilmot's theme is the American belief that all political objects should be subjected to the military object. Americans are, in general, averse to military theory and presumably do not read Clausewitz. Otherwise they might have recalled his words on this subject: "Wars are in reality, as we have said before, only the expressions or manifestations of policy itself. The subordination of the political point of view to the military would be contrary to common sense because policy has declared war; it is the intelligent faculty, while war is simply the instrument, and not the reverse. The subordination of the military point of view to the political is, therefore, the only possible solution." When it comes to the British proposals of 1944 that the landing in the South of France should be cancelled and the forces available devoted to the Balkans, then Mr. Wilmot seems to me to be doubly right. That would have been not only the best policy, but also the best military strategy. The American air commander in Italy, General Cannon, approved. General Mark Clark has

## A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. THE FRUITS OF VICTORY.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

expressed the view that the French Army alone could have carried out the French expedition if necessary, leaving the American troops involved to be employed in the Balkans. Few instructed people will now be found to insist that in this instance the United States was right.

I also agree with Mr. Wilmot in his criticism of what he holds, probably correctly, to be the principle of General Marshall, that the application of military power is primarily a matter of logistics. This is a fallacy which seems to be creeping into British military thought also. In fact, what is logistically easy for one side is commonly the same for the other. Vast as is the importance of supply, those who are responsible for it should never be allowed to dictate to the military commander; they should be his servants, though servants to whom he must ever give an attentive ear and whose advice he should treat with

Having chosen a political theme, Mr. Wilmot is, to my mind, not political enough. There is much more that he could have said on this side, even at the cost of putting his account of the invasion of Normandy into another book. Anglo-French relations, for instance, are hardly touched upon. They are of immense importance, and comprise a field in which, whether right or wrong, the views of

Mr. Churchill and President Roosevelt appear to have been substantially the same. The objection I do make to many of his arguments is that he seems constantly to identify the best course with the successful course, to assume that the best policy would have led to brilliant results. One ought, of course, always to do the right thing; but it does not follow that if one does, one will live happy ever after. If the Western Allies, for example, had advanced beyond the Elbe and declined to withdraw to the line fixed at Yalta unless Russia promised to pool the food resources of Eastern and Western Germany, is it really possible to believe that Russia would have agreed or that, if she had, she would not have gone back upon her word? Of course not. The seizure of the grain and potatoes of Eastern Germany was certain, because she needed a large proportion herself and wished the West to exhaust its resources in feeding Western Germany, as it had to.

Changed policy in the war might have mitigated the ills from which we are now suffering, but that is not to say that it would have abolished them. Russia might have found herself possessed of fewer strategic advantages than those in her hands to-day, but she would still have contrived to threaten the West and keep it on the stretch. Here I am not opposing Mr. Wilmot's reasoning, but I am maintaining that he lets it carry him too far. On the policy of unconditional surrender, which was American in origin, I agree that German resistance, when the issue of the war had ceased to be in doubt, was probably prolonged by it. It is strange to look back on the chivalrous and generous treatment of Russia by the United States during the war, the American faith in Russian honesty, and then note that the United States has become the evil genius of the world in Russian eyes and, of course, in those of Russia's friends and supporters in our country. As Mr. Wilmot truly says, our Yalta delegation found to its alarm that that of the United States was more nervous about British designs after the war than about Russian. It was so obsessed by the belief that Britain wanted to grab more colonies that it failed to see the danger of Russian enslavement of a group of European nations.

I must advance a similar criticism of Mr. Wilmot's purely strategic ideas. He favours, as I do myself, the theories of Field Marshal Lord Montgomery as against those of General Bradley, faced with which General Eisenhower made a compromise strategy, inclining to the views of his American subordinate. I consider that the Montgomery strategy held the better promise of complete victory in the year 1944. I consider that the compromise solution of General Eisenhower permitted the Allied armies to sprawl and get off balance. Yet it does not appear to me to have been a case of black and white. There were merits in the compromise, including the envelopment of the Ruhr. It cannot be demonstrated that the "narrow-front" strategy would have prevented all the difficulties which arose, including that of the substantial German reorganisation carried out by the strong and able hand of Field Marshal Model. It is possible that if it had resulted in a passage of the Rhine north of the Ruhr in the autumn of 1944 the Germans would still have been able to contain this thrust. The factor of American prestige was also one which the Supreme Commander could not overlook—and was not allowed to if he ever ran the risk.

I hope all these reservations will not seem ungracious. They are not intended to be. Yet, reviewing this book rather late in the day, I cannot avoid taking note of what many others have written about it and of what seems to me to be in some cases unreasoned eulogy. Perhaps a more objective examination is, in fact, the warmer compliment. Perhaps it is the case that I see too many things at once and am therefore led to make too many qualifications when engaged on an appreciation. However this may be, I want to make it clear that I have a high opinion of "The Struggle for Europe," and that I can hardly imagine any intelligent reader who embarks upon it being disappointed by what he finds. Nothing covering the same ground has, as yet, been published, and it may be a long time before this book is replaced as an authority. It is assuredly not anti-American in intention, though I fear some anti-American missiles may be extracted from it. A big subject, which might have defeated an untidy writer, is always kept well in hand. The style is always competent and arresting. The maps are numerous and well designed. The book deserves to be read.

### A LONDON CONFERENCE OF EUROPEAN AND AMERICAN MINISTERS.



AFTER IMPORTANT CONVERSATIONS WHICH PRECEDED THE LISBON FOUR-POWER TALKS, AND ROUSED HOPES OF EVENTUAL EUROPEAN AGREEMENT: (L. TO R.) DR. ADENAUER (WEST GERMAN CHANCELLOR AND FOREIGN MINISTER), MR. ACHESON (U.S. SECRETARY OF STATE), MR. EDEN (BRITISH FOREIGN SECRETARY) AND M. SCHUMAN (FRENCH FOREIGN SECRETARY).

Mr. Dean Acheson, U.S. Secretary of State, Dr. Adenauer, the West German Chancellor, and Mr. Eden and M. Schuman, the British and French Foreign Secretaries, held talks throughout February 18 at the Foreign Office in London, before the N.A.T.O. Conference which opened at Lisbon on February 20; to discuss the opposed French and German views on the European Army plan. They succeeded in reaching agreement on many points, including outstanding issues arising from the negotiations in Bonn, and it was hoped that this has marked a decisive advance in the cause of peace. On February 21 it was reported from Lisbon that the European Defence Community Treaty and the contractual agreements to replace the German occupation statute might be ready for signature in some eight weeks' time. Thus the decisions reached in London had had what was termed a "vitalising effect on the N.A.T.O. Council meetings."

the respect due to any sound professional. I also feel that the failure to liberate Czechoslovakia, which Patton could have done with a couple of armoured divisions, and the orders he received, not only to halt but even to pull back, were tragic. Yalta had decreed that Czechoslovakia was to pass into the Russian sphere, but an American President alive to realities and at the height of his powers—which, alas! the great President of that moment was not—would have replied to the arrogant Russian orders to halt that military success must be exploited and that, if the Russians could not come on, he could not afford to wait for them.

### TO OUR READERS.

IT is surprising how many of our readers have sought our good offices to enable them to procure the two issues dealing with the death and funeral of his late Majesty King George VI., for, although the number of copies printed has been quite unprecedented, they were quickly absorbed and speedily became out of print.

Owing to many considerations, a reprint has not been feasible, and therefore we are unable to satisfy those who have not been able to purchase copies from the newsagents or the publishing office.

But there is a moral to this distressing tale. Had these disappointed readers had the foresight to subscribe to "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" they would have received these very fine issues automatically.

The near future promises further issues of national importance, and to ensure receiving these you are strongly advised to place an order with your newsagent or bookstall for a copy to be reserved for you regularly each week.

Should you reside outside the radius of a newsagent, then a subscription for a copy to be sent to you each week by post should be addressed to the Publisher, "The Illustrated London News," Ingram House, 195-198, Strand, London, W.C.2. The subscription includes all special weekly issues published during the year, also the extra Christmas Number.

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The photograph reproduced on this page does not illustrate Captain Falls' article.

\* "The Struggle for Europe." By Chester Wilmot. (Collins; 25s.)





TOWARDS THE INTEGRATION OF WESTERN EUROPE—THE OPENING OF THE N.A.T.O. COUNCIL IN LISBON, WITH GREECE AND TURKEY ATTENDING AS FULL MEMBERS: THE PORTUGUESE FOREIGN MINISTER, DR. CUNHA, WELCOMING THE DELEGATES FROM THE TRIBUNE.

The Ninth Session of the Council of the North Atlantic Treaty Organisation—which Greece and Turkey attended for the first time as full members—opened at Lisbon in the Chamber of the Portuguese National Assembly on February 20. The chairman was Mr. Lester Pearson, of Canada, who can be seen seated (below the flags) with Senhor Lumbrals, who was deputising for Dr. Salazar, the Portuguese Prime Minister. Dr. Cunha (at the microphone), the Portuguese Foreign Minister, welcomed the Council and deplored the fact that Spain was not a member of the Council. The delegates of the fourteen countries sat in a crescent of chairs facing the rostrum; and at the extreme left can be seen the Belgian

delegate, M. Van Zeeland; at the extreme right Mr. Acheson, with Mr. Eden on his left, who had the Foreign Minister of Turkey on his left. After the ceremonies and various inaugural speeches the Council retired to a working session in the Technical Institute. On February 23 they adopted a resolution based on the report of the temporary council committee. This covered a plan of defensive preparations with economic action to match for 1952 and a programme for the two succeeding years. The plan for 1952 provides for approximately fifty divisions in appropriate conditions of combat readiness, 4000 operational aircraft in Europe, as well as strong naval forces.



## HURRICANE DAMAGE IN THE FIJI ISLANDS.



CAUGHT BY THE HURRICANE IN SUVA HARBOUR: THE NORTH BRITAIN, WHICH WAS BLOWN AGAINST THE PUBLIC WORKS DEPARTMENT'S SMALL WHARF BUT WAS LATER KEDGED OFF.



WHERE GREAT WAVES BATTERED THE WHARF AREA: A VIEW SHOWING THE HARBOUR MASTER'S CONCRETE OFFICE UNDERMINED AND BADLY DAMAGED DURING THE STORM.



A MASS OF BROKEN TIMBER AND IRON: ALL THAT WAS LEFT OF THE RESIDENTIAL PORTION OF THE FIJI CLUB ON A HILL ABOVE SUVA HARBOUR.

On January 28 a violent storm swept through the Fiji group, leaving a trail of destruction 35 miles wide across the largest island, Viti Levu, and wrecking much of Suva, the capital of the Colony. Over twenty people were killed and thirty-four seriously injured were admitted to Suva Hospital, where over 800 more received treatment for minor injuries. Shortly before the centre of the storm reached Suva, the anemometer at the Laucala Bay meteorological station recorded a gust from the east of 132 m.p.h. A few minutes later the instrument's mast carried away. The wind strengthened rapidly, with maximum gusts estimated at 150 m.p.h. Small craft in Walu Bay suffered severely and many buildings along the foreshore were damaged or destroyed. Two sea-going ships, the *Tofua* and the *North Britain*, were in port when the hurricane struck. The *Tofua* was driven ashore but was later refloated, while the *North Britain* was driven against the Public Works Department's wharf, but was later kedged off with her own anchors.

## THE FIRST GENERAL ELECTION IN LIBYA.

Libya, which became the first State to be granted independence under the United Nations on December 24, 1951, had its first election on February 19, when some 400,000 adult male Libyans went to the polls to elect the fifty-five members of the Lower House. As 95 per cent. of the electorate is illiterate, voters were given coloured cards—yellow for Independent, blue for Liberal and white for Congress—which they dropped into ballot-boxes of the same colour as their choice. In the rural districts voters were asked which candidate they supported, and their choice was recorded by the registering officer in the presence of a committee of observers. On the following day rioting broke out in Tripoli as a protest against the results of the election, but order was restored by native police led by British officers, one of whom was injured. In three constituencies registers were tampered with or destroyed, and there will have to be fresh elections in those districts.



TOURING THE COUNTRYSIDE BEFORE THE FIRST LIBYAN ELECTION: MAHMUD BEY MUNTASSER, APPOINTED PRIME MINISTER WHEN LIBYA BECAME INDEPENDENT, GREETED BY SHEIKHS.



ELECTION DAY IN TRIPOLI: VOTERS STUDYING A NOTICE SHOWING THE COLOUR SYSTEM USED IN RECORDING THEIR VOTES—95 PER CENT. OF THE ELECTORATE IS ILLITERATE.



ON THE LOOK-OUT FOR RIOTERS AFTER THE LIBYAN ELECTIONS: A POLICE PATROL IN TRIPOLI, WHERE ONE PERSON WAS KILLED AND TWELVE INJURED, FOLLOWING DEMONSTRATIONS.





## THE CAMERA'S FAR-FLUNG RANGE: NEWS FROM THREE CONTINENTS.

A FRENCH *cause célèbre*: THE TRIAL OF MADAME MARIE BESNARD, WHO IS ACCUSED OF MURDERING ELEVEN PERSONS BY ARSENICAL POISONING: THE ACCUSED IN THE DOCK IN THE POITIERS COURT.

The trial of Madame Marie Besnard, fifty-six-year-old widow, opened in Poitiers on Feb. 21, and is a French *cause célèbre*. She is charged with having, between 1938 and 1949, murdered her second husband, her mother, eight members of her family and two friends, and it is stated that she inherited more than £15,000; hotels, houses, farms and lands from them. She has lain in prison for over two years awaiting trial. There are eighty-one witnesses for the prosecution, and forty-one for the defence; and the charge sheet is twenty-seven pages in length.



FACING TRIAL AFTER BEING HELD TWO YEARS IN PRISON: MADAME MARIE BESNARD, ACCUSED OF MASS MURDER OF HER RELATIVES.



ADOPTED BY THE FRENCH ARMY: A NEW INFANTRY FIELD OUTFIT, ISSUE OF WHICH HAS ALREADY BEGUN.

The new French infantry field outfit already being issued has a uniform of waterproof khaki. The helmet is of steel and plastic; bandages and rations are carried in leg pockets; and on the top of the pack is a nylon tent. Cartridge pouches and water-bottle are carried in front.



THE HAZARDS OF A DROP: AMERICAN PARATROOPERS CAUGHT IN TREES DURING WINTER ARMY AND AIR FORCE MANŒUVRES.

During recent United States Joint Army and Air Force manœuvres at Cape Drum, a mass jump took place. Several of the paratroopers hit trees during the descent, but were able to disentangle themselves and dropped to the ground uninjured. As recorded on another page, British paratroopers in Malaya carried 100-ft. ropes to effect descent if caught in trees.



GIVING THE "ALL-CLEAR" TO A HUMAN COLLEAGUE BY SETTING OFF A BELL WITH ITS PAW: AN ALSATIAN WATCH-DOG.

Seven Alsatian dogs have received twenty-two months special training in the United States to do patrol duty as assistants to watchmen in a new security procedure inaugurated by a Chicago department store. Here one of these animals is seen setting off a bell to sound the "all-clear" to a human colleague.



PRESENTING HIS CREDENTIALS TO H.M. KING TRIBHUVANA IN THE DURBAR HALL, KATMANDU; MR. CHESTER BOWLES, FIRST UNITED STATES AMBASSADOR TO NEPAL. The United States representative in Nepal now has Ambassadorial rank, and Mr. Chester Bowles, U.S. Ambassador to India, is also the envoy to Nepal. He usually resides in Delhi but recently made the journey to Katmandu to present his credentials to King Tribhuvana. This entails a twenty-mile trek on horse-back over the mountains.



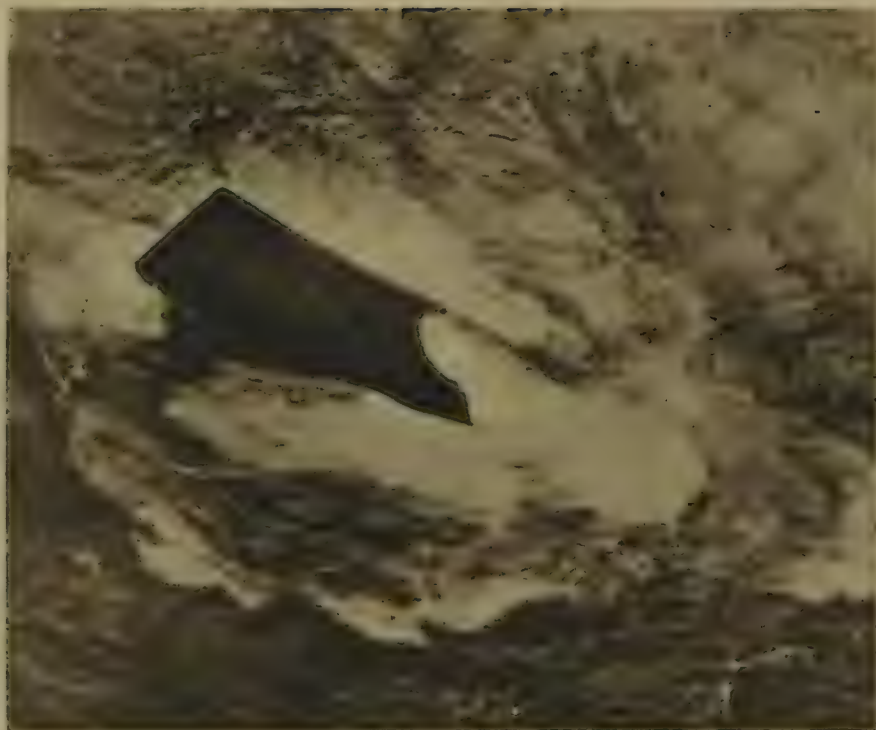
THE UNITED STATES AMBASSADOR TO NEPAL ON HIS WAY TO KATMANDU: MR. CHESTER BOWLES, MOUNTED, WITH (LEFT) MISS SALLY BOWLES AND (RIGHT) MR. PAUL ROSE, A U.S. OFFICIAL.



# THE SHIP THAT BROKE IN TWO: DRAMATIC PICTURES OF THE "FORT MERCER" DISASTER.



SHOWING SOME OF HER CREW WAITING TO BE RESCUED: THE STERN OF THE 10,000-TON TANKER *FORT MERCER* AFLOAT IN HEAVY SEAS.



SUNK BY GUNFIRE AS IT WAS A DANGER TO SHIPPING: THE BOW SECTION OF THE *FORT MERCER* AFTER IT CAPSIZED FOLLOWING THE RESCUE OF FOUR SURVIVORS.



RIDING THE ATLANTIC SWELL IN A LIFE-RAFT: THE SECOND AND THIRD MATE OF THE *FORT MERCER*, WEARING LIFE-JACKETS, DURING THEIR RESCUE FROM THE SHIP'S BOWS.



A DRAMATIC SEA RESCUE: TWO U.S. COAST GUARDSMEN FROM THE CUTTER *YAKUTAT* ASSISTING THE SECOND AND THIRD MATE OF THE *FORT MERCER* TO GET ABOARD.



TAKING THE CREW OFF THE STERN OF THE *FORT MERCER* BY MEANS OF A LIFE-RAFT: THE U.S. COASTGUARD CUTTER *EAST WIND* CLOSE TO THE WRECK.



RETURNING FROM THE BOW SECTION WITH THE CAPTAIN AND PURSER OF THE *FORT MERCER* ABOARD: A LIFEBOAT FROM THE U.S. COASTGUARD CUTTER *YAKUTAT*.

On February 18 the Coastguard authorities at Boston reported that two 10,000-ton American ships, the *Fort Mercer* and the *Pendleton*, had broken in two in heavy seas off Cape Cod. Thirty-two men were saved from the stern of the *Pendleton* when it was within a mile of Chatham beach by Coastguard motor whaleboats and both halves of the ship went aground. The Coastguard cutter *Yakutat* went to the rescue of four men in the bow half of the *Fort Mercer*, the Captain, purser and the second and third mate. Two were taken off in a lifeboat

and the others by means of a life-raft. Shortly after they left the wreck the bow half-capsized and was sunk by gunfire as it was a danger to shipping. Meanwhile the cutter *East Wind* had taken twenty-one survivors off the stern half by pulling them across in a life-raft, leaving thirteen men aboard who had volunteered to stay to assist in salvage operations. On February 20 the tug *Peter Moran* and the salvage tug *Foundation Josephine* took the stern half in tow and made for Block Island, off Rhode Island.



# LAND, AIR AND SEA: NEWS IN PICTURES FROM ENGLAND, SCOTLAND AND SICILY.



CHEERS FOR THE WINNER OF THE WATERLOO CUP: MR. J. A. DEWAR (RIGHT-CENTRE) AND HIS GREYHOUND *DEW WHALER*, WHICH COURSED SPLENDIDLY TO BEAT *BUS CONDUCTOR*. In the final of the Waterloo Cup at Aitcar on February 22, Mr. J. A. Dewar's greyhound *Dew Whaler* ended the run of fifteen successive courses won by *Bus Conductor*. This is the first stake *Dew Whaler* has won outright. The Waterloo Purse was won by *Park Pretender* from *Booking Clerk*, while in the Waterloo Plate *Snuff Box* beat *Shower Bath*.



THE WRECKAGE OF A BRITISH VIKING AIRLINER WHICH CRASHED IN SICILY, KILLING THIRTY-ONE PERSONS: THE REMAINS OF THE TAIL UNIT ON MONTE ROSA. The wreckage of a British airliner flying from England to Nairobi, which was missing on February 16, was sighted from the air on the slopes of Monte Rosa, forty miles south of Palermo, on February 17. A search party led by Italian police reached the wreckage on February 18 and found no survivors. The aircraft, a *Viking*, belonged to Hunting Aircraft Transport; and the disaster is the firm's first fatal accident.



THE DISCOVERER OF PENICILLIN INSTALLED AS RECTOR OF EDINBURGH UNIVERSITY: SIR ALEXANDER FLEMING ADDRESSING THE AUDIENCE IN THE MCEWAN HALL ON FEBRUARY 19.



CHAIRING THE NEW RECTOR OF EDINBURGH UNIVERSITY: SIR ALEXANDER FLEMING'S SHOULDER-HIGH PROGRESS FROM MCEWAN HALL TO THE STUDENT'S UNION, EDINBURGH.



FIREMEN AT WORK ON THE BURNING WRECKAGE OF THE LIBERIAN SHIP *LIBERTY*, WHICH WENT AGROUND NEAR LAND'S END, CORNWALL, ON THE NIGHT OF JANUARY 17.

On January 17, the Liberian ship *Liberty* (5250 tons) went aground near Land's End and was abandoned by her complement of thirty-eight. The ship's cat, however, refused to abandon the ship, and resisted the blandishments and avoided the traps of the salvage workers, his obstinate courage in the matter earning him the name of "Carlsen" after the gallant skipper of the *Flying Enterprise*. On February 20, however, when



"CARLSEN THE CAT," WHICH REFUSED TO DESERT THE LIBERIAN SHIP *LIBERTY* FOR MANY DAYS, BEING STROKED (GINGERLY) BY THE RESCUER, WHOM HE FIERCELY BIT.

fire broke out in the bridge and firemen and salvage men were at work, Mr. R. Morris, in charge of salvage operations on board, managed to capture the cat which, courageous to the last, bit him sharply in the hand. Mr. Morris, however, hopes to keep "Carlsen" as a pet, when he is reconciled to life ashore, and better able to appreciate the good intentions of his rescuers.





IN CALM, FINE WEATHER, STANDING OUT CLEARLY IN BRIGHT MORNING SUNSHINE: A VIEW OF (L. TO R.) THE JUNGFRAU (13,650 FT.), THE EXTREME SUMMIT JUST VISIBLE; THE GLETSCHERHORN (13,000 FT.) AND THE EBNELFLUH (12,886 FT.), TAKEN AT 10.30 A.M. ON JANUARY 27 AT MÜRREN. (F.S. 1/50TH SEC.)



IN BAD WEATHER, WITH CLOUDS SWEEPING ACROSS THE MIGHTY PEAK: THE JUNGFRAU (13,650 FT.) IN MIST, THE EXTREME SUMMIT JUST VISIBLE, TAKEN AT 4 P.M. ON JANUARY 30 FROM MÜRREN. LORD MONTGOMERY HAD TO WAIT HALF AN HOUR FOR THE RIGHT MOMENT TO TAKE THIS PHOTOGRAPH. (F.S. 1/50TH SEC.)

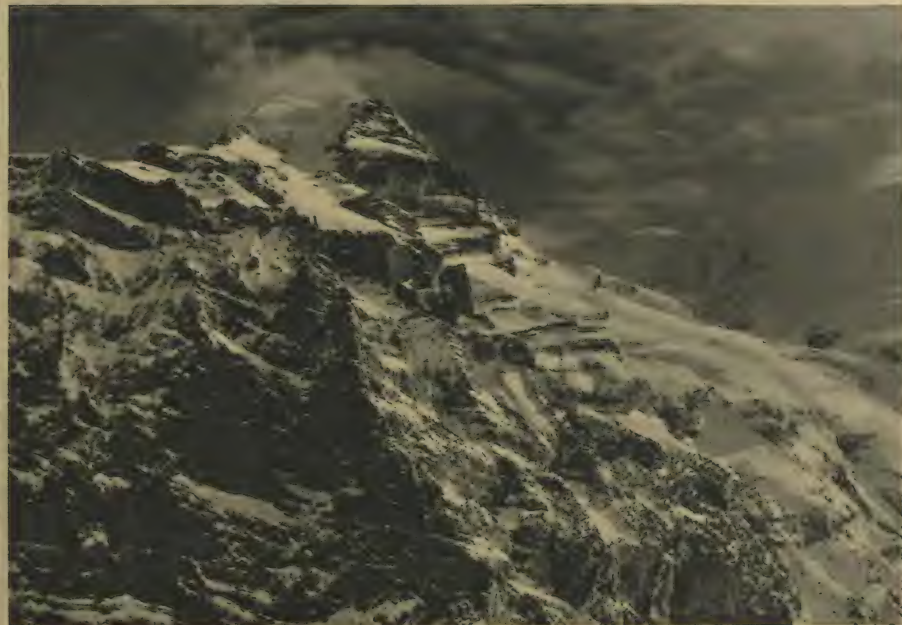
# ALPINE PEAKS: IN SUNLIGHT, WITH CLOUDS HERALDING A SNOWFALL, AND IN BAD WEATHER,

Our readers will remember that in March, 1949, 1950 and 1951 we published Alpine air views taken by Field Marshal Viscount Montgomery of Alamein from a training aircraft of the Swiss Air Force, which showed him to be an amateur photographer of great skill. On these pages we are able to continue the series

by reproducing some new Alpine pictures by the same distinguished hand. During the short time that Lord Montgomery was able to remain in Switzerland this year, flying conditions were never good enough for a flight in a light aircraft over the Alps, but he took a series of interesting photographs from Mürren which show



WITH THEIR MANTLES OF SNOW GLITTERING IN AFTERNOON SUNSHINE: BLACK MONCH (8,850 FT.), THE JUNGFRAU (13,650 FT.), THE EXTREME SUMMIT NOT VISIBLE, AND THE GLETSCHERHORN (13,000 FT.), TAKEN FROM MÜRREN AT 3 P.M. ON JANUARY 27. (F.S. 1/50TH SEC.)



INDICATIONS OF AN IMMINENT CHANGE IN THE WEATHER, AND HERALDING A SNOWFALL IN THE HIGH ALPS: BLACK MONCH (8,850 FT.), THE JUNGFRAU (13,650 FT.), THE GLETSCHERHORN (13,000 FT.) AND EBNELFLUH (12,886 FT.), TAKEN AT MID-DAY ON JANUARY 30 AT MÜRREN. (F.S. 1/50TH SEC.)

# SWEPT WITH CLOUD. FINE SWISS PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN BY FIELD MARSHAL LORD MONTGOMERY.

the same famous range of mountains in fine weather; and in bad. It will be noted that the photographs are in pairs, the fine-weather ones being taken on January 27 and the bad-weather examples on January 30. Lord Montgomery states that in order to obtain the right moment to take the photograph of the

Jungfrau swept with clouds, he had to wait half an hour. Mürren (5,415 ft.) is superbly situated on a mountain terrace and is celebrated for the magnificent view of the Jungfrau chain which it commands. It stands high above the Lauterbrunnen Valley in the Bernese Oberland.



# IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.



life in gardens, and under a system of unnatural selection at man's hands, and by means of unnatural

ONE of the most interesting phenomena in all horticulture is the way in which some families, and some individual species of plants, take to a civilised, domestic

marriages under the same auspices, produce whole races of new and improved plants. Others persist in remaining their own unaltered, original, wild selves, or refuse stubbornly to grow happily, or even to grow at all, in the garden. As a family, the Primulas take kindly to cultivation, and have given rise to many glorious races of garden forms and hybrids. There are, for instance, the widely differing garden auriculas, the border, the "fancy" and the show, or florist's, varieties; and all the gorgeous polyanthus primroses, the many coloured primroses, and the doubles. The oriental candelabra, primulas—*P. japonica*, *pulverulenta*, *bulleyana* and the rest—have intermarried and given us a whole range of brilliant and easily-grown of the loveliest

## SWEET WILLIAMS.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

pinks, most of which, alas, are now lost for ever, victims of changing fashion or the competition of newer novelties. A few, such as the old laced pink, "Dad's Favourite," survive to this day, and are duly valued and cherished. Then there were the great "Malmaison" carnations, whose opulence and fragrance is still appreciated by a few die-hard enthusiasts and connoisseurs. Then came the perpetual carnations. They were perhaps the cause of the almost total eclipse of the "Malmaisons," and can one wonder? With their vigour, long, workmanlike stems, so grand for cutting and filling big, tall vases, and their trick of giving great sheaves of handsome blossom in almost every colour one could wish for—and doing it with a minimum of artificial heat—made them irresistible.

There are purists who say that the perpetual carnations are over-civilised, over-sophisticated and vulgar. In certain surroundings they may be all these things, but their general appeal is so great, and their virtues so many, that the Perpetuals have come to stay, and with my friend "Monty" Allwood, aided and abetted by an army of other experts and enthusiasts, amateur and professional, for ever producing better and finer new varieties, they will long outstay the carping purists.

Then there are Sweet Williams. Descended from a humble parent, the wild South European *Dianthus barbatus*, the Sweet William is an old, old garden favourite. And as though conscious of its humble origin, it has never presumed on its popularity, never shown any sign of upstart, overdressed vulgarity. Always it has remained a cottage-garden, a peasant flower, and always a peasant that looks as perfectly at home and at ease in the gardens of the stateliest homes as in the cottage gardens which it seems to typify. Even when Sweet Williams go gay in dangerous scarlets and salmon scarlets, they somehow manage to look like peasants going in their gladdest glad-rags to the annual fair.

But the best, the safest, and most satisfying Sweet Williams are the rich, velvety crimsons, crimson-scarlets and scarlets, with zonal markings in finely contrasting tones, whilst the most "cottagey"—to use a hateful olde-worlde term—for want of a better—are the auricula-eyed varieties, with white centres, a wide zone of red or crimson, and often a white edge. The deep crimson and white ones suggest stewed black-currants, with cream freshly poured on. A pleasing suggestion. Although perennials, Sweet Williams are best treated as biennials. The seeds may be sown about May, and the seedlings planted out in a reserve bed, ready for transferring to their flowering quarters in the beds and borders in late summer or autumn. Grown thus they give the finest results, but

double flowers of a fine, rich, vivid crimson. And both times I have lost it by eventually forgetting to lift, divide and replant it after flowering, which appears to be the only way of keeping it going for any time.

The Sweet Williams have often been used for hybridising with other species of *Dianthus*, and in most cases the hybrid offspring have had the fault



THE WILD *Dianthus barbatus*, FROM WHICH THE WHOLE CLAN OF SWEET WILLIAM DESCENDS. This plant and its descendants have been growing in English gardens for more than 350 years, and there are many references to it in early garden literature. Before Linnaeus's day it bore many names, of which the following may be mentioned: *Lychnis monachorum hortensis*, *Caryophyllus arthusianorum* and *Armerius flos aller*. Photograph by A. Harold Bastin.

hybrids. On the other hand, many of the Far Eastern primulas can only be kept alive in this country by the very cleverest expert cultivators. *Primula spectabilis* flowers profusely on its North Italian Alps, whilst in English gardens, though it grows heartily, it seldom flowers. The two greenhouse species, *Primula sinensis* and *P. obconica*, have behaved well in cultivation—in their own way. I think I am right in saying that neither of them has ever consented to marriage with any other species, but both, by long and careful selection, have been improved out of all recognition both as to the size and the colour of their flowers.

The tropical and the warm-country Orchids have many of them proved enthusiastic in the matter of intermarriage, even to the extent of seemingly far-fetched bigeneric unions, and are well content with the comforts and pleasures of the greenhouse. But many of the hardy terrestrial Orchids, even our own native species, refuse to live or flourish when transplanted from natural wild conditions to seemingly similar situations in the garden. For this reason it is a shame to endanger their lives by transplanting them.

The *Dianthus* family seem to revel in civilised garden life and intermarriage, and gardeners, for several hundred years past, have taken full advantage of the willing co-operation of the race. They have given us an almost unbelievable array of brilliant, fragrant and fascinating splendours. In the past there were the old show and fancy carnations and "laced"



THE AURICULA-EYED SWEET WILLIAM: A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN BY MR. ELLIOTT HIMSELF SOME FORTY YEARS AGO, AND SUMMING UP ALL THAT IS MOST CHARACTERISTIC IN THIS OLD-ESTABLISHED FAVOURITE.

of being sterile, setting no seeds themselves, and at the same time being difficult to propagate by cuttings. Nor do they always produce cuttings in any quantity, whilst the plants tend to die out if not renewed in this way.

*Dianthus* x "Napoleon III.", with rich, red flowers, is such a hybrid; and "Marie Pèrè," with pure, soft rose flowers, another. Both are double and scentless.

Many years ago I crossed the *Dianthus superbus* with several richly-coloured Sweet Williams. *D. superbus* is an Alpine species, with large, fragrant, deeply lacinated, lilac flowers. The result was a few hundred pinks, with single fringed flowers of the most intensely brilliant colours, all freaked and freckled in endless variety. But after flowering, every plant died, and not a single seed was produced. My friend "Monty" Allwood has done better than that. His "Sweet Wivelsfield" pinks are very like my short-lived sterile hybrids, but they set seed abundantly, and so are good garden plants and brilliant in the flower borders.

Sweet Williams are so called, I believe, because they are fragrant, though oddly enough I have never been aware of their scent. But why "William" I have no idea, though in that connection I have a shocking tale to tell. Fifty or so years ago, a neighbour of ours, a dear, kind, rather sentimental old lady, and a passionate gardener, planted out a great bed of Sweet Williams. Just when they were coming into flower, her husband, who was neither dear, nor kind, nor sentimental, but just a bearded brute,

asked what they were. The name Sweet-William was too much for him. William! Hateful name. Poisonous in his eyes—William Gladstone forsooth! No Williams for him in his garden. He ordered the gardener to dig up the lot and burn them on the rubbish heap. I do not ask you to believe this story—but it's true.



COMBINING THE HABIT OF THE SWEET WILLIAM WITH THE FRINGED PETAL OF *Dianthus superbus*: "SWEET WIVELSFIELD" PINKS, WHICH "SET SEED ABUNDANTLY," AND SO ARE GOOD GARDEN PLANTS AND BRILLIANT IN THE FLOWER BORDERS." Photograph by courtesy of Allwood Bros.

it is not difficult to strike non-flowering shoots as cuttings and grow them on for another year. This is worth doing with any particularly desirable varieties that may crop up. Twice in the past I have been given plants of a charming dwarf Sweet William with dark, beetroot-coloured leaves, and heads of completely

N.B.—Colour Supplement included here.





# THE LYING-IN-STATE OF HIS LATE MAJESTY KING GEORGE VI.

Although hundreds of thousands of people made the pilgrimage to Westminster Hall to pay homage at the lying-in-state of King George VI., many millions

more, both at home and overseas, were unable to do so, save in spirit. Our natural colour photograph showing the Royal catafalque guarded by officers

of the Household Cavalry, the Honorable Corps of Gentlemen at Arms and the Yeomen of the Guard will convey to those who were unable to see it for themselves

something of the sombre splendour of the scene; and for the others it will evoke never-to-be-forgotten memories. (A colour photograph by Keystone.)



# THE OLDEST HUMAN FOOTPRINTS? NEWLY-DISCOVERED AND PERFECTLY-PRESERVED VESTIGES OF MAN—OR NEANDERTHAL MAN— WHICH MAY BE AT LEAST 70,000 YEARS OLD.

By ALBERTO CARLO BLANC, F.G.S., Professor of Ethnology in the University of Rome.

In our issue of October 9, 1948, we published an article by M. Norbert Casteret, together with a number of photographs taken in a cave in the Department of Hérault, in southern France, showing remains of cave bear, hyena and human footprints preserved in semi-fossilised mud, which were dated fairly precisely to at least 15,000 years ago. Here Baron Blanc describes a somewhat parallel recent discovery in Italy, near Toirano, in Liguria. The footprints here, however, are far different, and may well date to an even more remote—possibly even a Neanderthal—era of human history.

THE Tana della Basua, or "Witch's Cave," is a cave with two entrances about 623 ft. above sea-level in the secondary limestone of a small valley above the village of Toirano, a little over three miles from the railway station of Borghetto San Spirito, near Albenga (Liguria, Italy), and not far from the coast.

Caves are frequent in this region, and some, such as the Arene Candide, near Finale Marina, and the Balzi Rossi of Grimaldi, are famous for their palaeolithic remains. The Witch's Cave, with an underground extent of about 57 yards, had been known since 1880, when the archaeologist N. Morelli explored it and, during excavations in a central chamber, discovered human bones, together with Neolithic and Roman pottery.

May 31 she visited the newly discovered part of the cave and at once noticed the importance of the find.

As in many cave-bear caves of Central and Western Europe, the walls of the cave showed many scratches from cave-bear claws. Many bones and several skulls of cave bear were lying on the floor; and the muddy surface of the floor showed clearly the prints of the fore- and hind-paws of cave bear and also human footprints. Fragments of charcoal were scattered on the floor, and on the walls were several charcoal marks, which appeared to be the result of snuffing torches. On the wall of a narrow figure-of-eight-

this had been part of some mysterious game or rite (Fig. 3). On the floor were human footprints and cave-bear scratches.

Miss Chiappella's first care was to prevent further damage to the site, which had already been visited by many of the inhabitants of Toirano. Miss Chiappella at once advised the local authorities of the importance of the find, recommended that the cave should be closed and safeguarded; and addressed a detailed report to her Governmental office in Genoa, describing the many interesting features of the newly-discovered cave. After this, the Minister for Public Instruction entrusted the exploration and study of the site to a group of specialists including, among others, Professor Tongiorgi, of Pisa, Professor C. Conti, of Genoa, Miss Chiappella, of Genoa, Professor A. Segre, of Rome, Signors Coddé and Erizzo, of Genoa, and Professor S. Sergi, of Rome. This work is already in progress.

The excavations in several parts of the cave have led to the discovery of more remains of cave bear (*Ursus spelaeus*), panther (*Felis pardus*) and mountain goat (*Capra ibex*). No human bones or cultural remains, and no sign of human habitation of the cave have been found. One bone only shows the cuts made by a flint edge on its surface. It is most improbable that the newly-discovered, innermost part of the cave has ever been inhabited by man; and it seems to have been a cave-bear den, where palaeolithic hunters came to dislodge and hunt the bears, probably during their winter lethargy.

Some of the human footprints, which show a variety of forms, have a morphology which is most unusual in the living races of man (Figs. 5-8). Although it is not yet possible to decide whether the palaeolithic hunters of the Tana della Basua were Neanderthal men or *Homo sapiens*, there are some reasons in favour of the first hypothesis. In Italy, as well as in Central and Western Europe, the cave



FIG. 1. THE FOSSILISED PRINT OF A CAVE BEAR'S FORE-FOOT: ONE OF MANY FOUND IN THE NEWLY-OPENED "WITCH'S CAVE," IN LIGURIA, IN ASSOCIATION WITH HUMAN FOOTPRINTS OF PALAOLITHIC DATE—FOOTPRINTS SO STRANGE AS TO SUGGEST THAT THEY ARE THOSE, NOT OF *Homo sapiens* BUT OF NEANDERTHAL MAN.

shaped corridor, a human hand, dirty with charcoal, had left the sign of its pressure against the wall (Figs. 2 and 9). In an innermost chamber, a number of little heaps of charcoal were to be seen on the floor, as if the men who had visited the cave in the distant ages had stuck their torches in the muddy floor and there let them burn themselves out. On a wall of the same chamber, many little masses of the clayey mud of the floor had been violently thrown against the wall and were still clinging to it, as though



FIG. 2. THE GRIMY HANDPRINT OF PREHISTORIC MAN AS HE PROWLED THE DARK CORRIDORS OF THE "WITCH'S CAVE" IN SEARCH OF HIS PREY, THE CAVE BEAR, IN THE DISTANT MOUSTERIAN PAST. SEE ALSO FIG. 9.

A group of local guides, however, who had been in the habit of showing local caves to tourists and speleologists, had noticed that the end of one of the deepest corridors of the cave ended in a wall of stalagmite, and that in this wall there was a hole through which a draught blew and bats passed in and out.

On May 28, 1950, the guides decided to dynamite a hole in this stalagmitic wall. It proved to be over 6 ft. thick, and the opening in it led to an inner and unexplored part of the cave, which develops for over 328 yards underground, with many diverging corridors, a very uneven floor, a number of small lakes and very beautiful stalagmite and stalactite formations. When the guides entered the newly discovered part of the cave, they noticed many bones scattered on the floor. They brought home the news of their spectacular discovery and it was fortunately brought to the notice of Professor Silla, an honorary inspector for archaeology at Finale Marina. Professor Silla immediately passed on the news to Miss Ginetta Chiappella, of the Department of Antiquities at Genoa. On



FIG. 4. FOR COMPARISON WITH THE FOOTPRINTS FOUND IN THE LIGURIAN "WITCH'S CAVE": FOSSILISED FOOTPRINTS OF MAGDALENIAN OR AURIGNACIAN MAN FOUND IN THE FRENCH GROTTA OF ALDENE.

In our issue of October 9, 1948, we printed an article by M. Norbert Casteret describing a number of fossilised human footprints of at least 15,000 years old found in a grotto in the Department of Hérault. These prints (of Magdalenian or Aurignacian man) were little different from those of modern man; whereas those found in the Italian cave (Figs. 5-8) are so markedly different that it is difficult not to believe that the French prints are those of *Homo sapiens*, the Italian ones, those of Neanderthal man.



FIG. 3. THE STILL-SURVIVING TRACES OF SOME ENIGMATIC GAME OR CULT OF PREHISTORIC MAN: FLATTENED CLAY BALLS WHICH HAVE BEEN THROWN VIOLENTLY AGAINST THE WALLS OF THE "WITCH'S CAVE" BY THE PREHISTORIC HUNTERS, AND AROUND WHICH CALCITE DEPOSIT HAVE FORMED SINCE EARLY PALAOLITHIC TIMES.

bear is generally associated with Neanderthal man and the Mousterian industry; and in a digging carried out by Professor Tongiorgi in a near-by cave, the industry found together with cave bear is Mousterian in type. But some exceptions are known which show that the cave bear survived in Europe to part at least of the Upper Palaeolithic, when *Homo sapiens* has replaced Neanderthal man; and the association with the cave bear is therefore not enough to define the race of its hunters. Some clue may be found through the morphological study of the footprints. Professor L. Pales, of the Musée de l'Homme in Paris, who is a well-known specialist in the morphology of the foot, and who is collaborating in the study of these fossil footprints, has noted in some of them a similarity to the footprints of the modern inhabitants of New Caledonia. It is significant that Sarasin has already emphasised that the skeleton of the foot of Neanderthal man suggests the shape of the foot of the New Caledonian—which has a quite distinctive morphology.



# "HOMO SAPIENS" OR NEANDERTHAL MAN? 70,000-YEAR-OLD FOOTPRINTS.

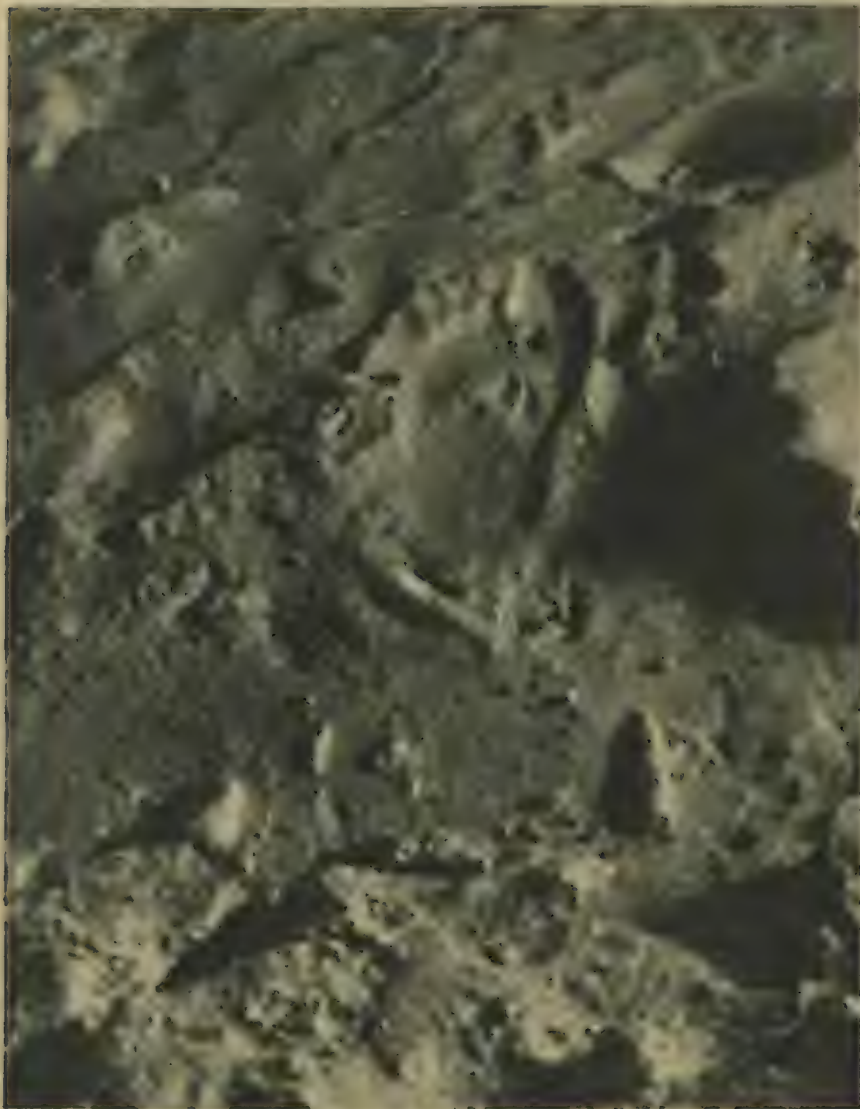


FIG. 5. A FOOTPRINT WHICH MAY BE 70,000 YEARS OLD: ONE OF THE SEMI-FOSSILISED HUMAN FOOTPRINTS FOUND IN THE NEWLY-OPENED "WITCH'S CAVE," NEAR TOIRANO.

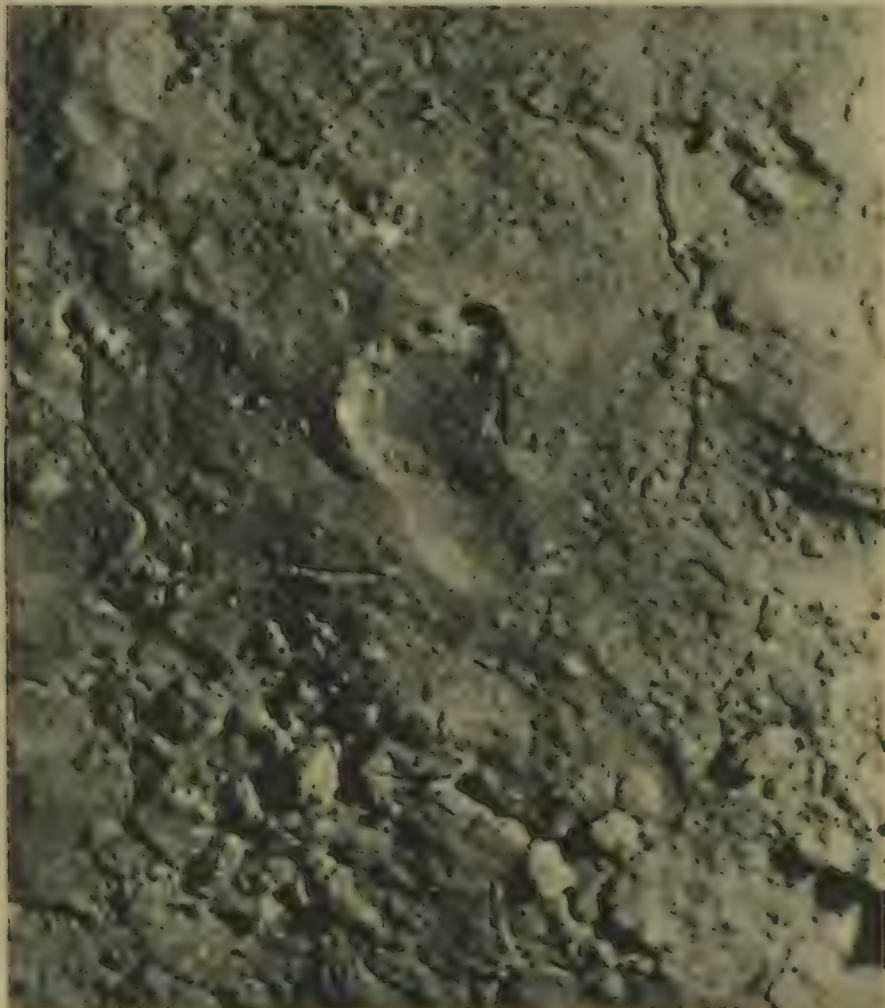


FIG. 6. ANOTHER FOOTPRINT FROM THE "WITCH'S CAVE." THIS SHOWS TO PERFECTION THE SHORT, BROAD FOOT, THE LARGE BIG TOE AND THE STRONG AND SEPARATED SMALLER TOES.



FIG. 7. RECORDED PERHAPS 70,000 YEARS AGO IN THE PLASTIC CLAY: A SLIPPING FOOTPRINT OF THE PREHISTORIC, PERHAPS NEANDERTHAL, HUNTER.

In our issue of October 9, 1948, we described the discovery in a cave in Southern France of some fossilised human footprints, and these were dated by M. Norbert Casteret and his colleagues to the time of Magdalenian, or possibly Aurignacian man; in other words, to at least 15,000 years B.C. The footprints, of which we reprint an example in Fig. 4, were smallish, varying between  $7\frac{1}{2}$  and  $9\frac{1}{2}$  ins. in length; but were remarkably like those of modern man, even in the virtual atrophy of the little toe. The footprints discovered this last spring in a



FIG. 8. HERE THE CHARACTER OF THE TOIRANO FOOTPRINTS IS CLEARLY SHOWN. IT IS A LITTLE OVER 9 INS. LONG AND, UNLIKE FIG. 4, HAS A VIGOROUS LITTLE TOE.

cave in Liguria are, however, very different. They are much broader, and although the measured one (Fig. 8) is a little over 9 ins. long, they give the impression of being short. The toes are all strong and well separated; and although it is not yet possible to date them positively, it is difficult to resist the suggestion that here in the "Witch's Cave" of Toirano we have the footprints of Neanderthal man, who flourished, according to the Abbé Breuil, between 187,000 and 70,000 years ago, before being supplanted by *Homo sapiens*.





FIG. 9. IN A LANDSCAPE WORTHY OF THE PENCIL OF A DORÉ OR JOHN MARTIN: THE GALLERY IN THE WITCH'S CAVE, WHERE THE PREHISTORIC HUNTER STALKED THE CAVE BEAR AND LEFT THE IMPRINT OF HIS HAND ON THE GLEAMING WALL.

As described on page 377 by Baron A. C. Blanc, an untouched cave was recently discovered in the recesses of the Witch's Cave, near Toirano, in Liguria; and within this cave were found many tracks and bones of cave bear and many human tracks and vestiges, but no remains. The assumption is that in remote palæolithic times this cave was a cave bear den into which the prehistoric hunters penetrated to hunt or dislodge the cave bears. The vestiges of man are as follows: heaps of charcoal from torches and charcoal snuffing-marks on the walls; on the right-hand wall of the gallery we show, a charcoal-grimy

handprint (Fig. 2), where perhaps the hunter steadied himself before the attack; and numerous knuckle, knee and foot prints which have been preserved in the semi-fossilised mud floors of the caves. And these last (Figs. 5-8) are of so striking a character as to suggest that these hunters of many thousands of years ago were not *Homo sapiens*, Man as we know him, but Neanderthal Man, that strange creature whose fate seems to have been one of the dead-ends of evolution, and the time of whose domination is believed to have been between 187,000 and 70,000 years B.C.





**AIR MARSHAL SIR ALICK STEVENS.**  
Appointed as first Allied Air C-in-C. of the new Channel Command, Air Marshal Sir Alick Stevens is the present A.O.C.-in-C. Coastal Command and C-in-C. Air, Eastern Atlantic (Designate). The Allied C-in-C. Channel Command will be responsible to a Channel Committee.

**ADM. SIR ARTHUR JOHN POWER.**

On Feb. 21 N.A.T.O. announced that Admiral Sir Arthur J. Power, C-in-C. Portsmouth and C-in-C. Home Station (Designate), had been appointed first Allied C-in-C. Channel Command, to act in conjunction with the Allied Air C-in-C. Channel Command, Air Marshal Sir Alick Stevens.



**SIR JAMES LITHGOW.**  
Died on February 23, aged sixty-nine. A prominent figure in the shipbuilding world and one of Scotland's leading industrialists, he was Chairman of Lithgows, Ltd., and other companies. He was recalled from the front in 1917 to become Director of Shipbuilding Production. He was Controller of Merchant Shipbuilding and Repairs, 1940-46.



**SECOND IN THE OLYMPIC WOMEN'S FIGURE-SKATING CHAMPIONSHIP: MISS TENLEY ALBRIGHT, OF THE UNITED STATES.**



**PROFESSOR SIR HUBERT HENDERSON.**  
Died on Feb. 22, aged 61. Professor Henderson was forced by ill-health to resign as Drummond Professor of Political Economy and also as Warden-elect of All Souls. His many posts included Joint-Secretary, Economic Advisory Council, 1930-34; Adviser to the Treasury, 1939-44.



**SIR ARCHIBALD NYE.**  
Appointed High Commissioner for the U.K. in Canada in succession to Sir Alexander Clutterbuck. Sir Archibald Nye, who is fifty-six, was Vice-Chief of the Imperial General Staff from 1941 to 1946, and High Commissioner for the U.K. in India from 1948 to 1952.

## PEOPLE AND EVENTS OF THE WEEK: PERSONALITIES IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



**BEARING WITH THEM A FINE RECORD, INCLUDING FIVE INTERNATIONAL VICTORIES: THE SOUTH AFRICAN RUGBY FOOTBALL TEAM, WAVING GOOD-BYE.** The South African football team, who sailed for home in the *Carnarvon Castle*, won five international matches, in which they scored 100 points to 14, though they beat Wales only by a dropped goal and a try and England by a goal and a penalty goal to a try; and in thirty-one matches in the British Isles and France had only one narrow defeat. The captain of the *Carnarvon Castle* is in the centre of the group, with next him, Mrs. Mellish, and beyond her, to the left, Colonel Mellish, her husband, manager of the team.



**WINNER OF AN OLYMPIC TRIPLE CROWN: HJALMER ANDERSEN, OF NORWAY, THE WORLD SPEED SKATING CHAMPION, WHO WON THREE GOLD MEDALS IN A WEEK.** One of the world's greatest athletes, Hjalmer Andersen, of Norway, was judged the fastest man on ice on February 19, after he had shattered the Olympic 10,000-metres record to gain his third gold medal of the week. It was the second record he had broken in three days at the sixth Olympic Winter Games in Oslo. Britain's first gold medal was won by Miss Jeannette Altwegg, the figure-skating champion, whose photograph appears on our frontispiece. Mrs. A. M. Lawrence, of the United States, won the Giant Slalom and the Women's Slalom.



**THE FIRST CANADIAN-BORN GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF CANADA ARRIVES AT TRENTON, ONTARIO:** MR. VINCENT MASSEY, WITH HIS SON AND DAUGHTER-IN-LAW, MR. AND MRS. LIONEL MASSEY. Mr. Vincent Massey, the first Canadian to be appointed Governor-General of Canada, arrived by air from this country at the R.C.A.F. station, Trenton, Ontario, on February 18, and was welcomed by his son and daughter-in-law. He was due to come to Ottawa on February 27 in order to take the oath as the Queen's representative in Canada in the Senate and the Chamber on February 28. The first official act of the new Governor-General was to be the opening of the parliamentary session.

**MR. S. J. L. HARDIE.**  
Has resigned as chairman of the Iron and Steel Corporation of Great Britain. Mr. Hardie, who is sixty-six, joined the Labour Party in 1947. Letters between Mr. Hardie and the Minister of Supply revealed divergence of view not only between Mr. Hardie and the Ministry, but between him and other members of the Corporation.



**SIR PERCY EVERETT.**  
Died on February 23, aged eighty-one. He had been Deputy Chief Scout since 1941, and was associated with the Boy Scout movement since its beginning in 1906. Knighted in 1930, he was appointed Deputy Chief Commissioner in 1934. He was on the governing bodies of the Eastman Dental Clinic and Royal Free Hospital.

**VICE-ADM. SIR HENRY KITSON.**

Died on February 19, aged seventy-four. He was Admiral-Superintendent of Portsmouth Dockyard from 1931-35. After being placed on the retired list he returned for service in World War II, and was Flag Officer-in-Charge at Falmouth and on the Coast of Cornwall, 1940-42. He was created a K.B.E. in 1935.



**WINNER OF THE GIANT SLALOM FOR WOMEN AND THE WOMEN'S SLALOM: MRS. ANDREA M. LAWRENCE OF THE UNITED STATES.**



**LIEUT.-GENERAL L. PICK.**  
United States Chief of Army Engineers who revealed on February 21 that the United States has built a military airfield near the North Pole. According to reports, the base is located at Thule, a flat barren peninsula on the north-western coast of Greenland.



**SIR ALEXANDER CLUTTERBUCK.**  
Appointed High Commissioner for the U.K. in Australia. Sir Alexander Clutterbuck, who is fifty-five, has been High Commissioner for the U.K. in Canada since 1946. He was previously Deputy High Commissioner for the U.K. in South Africa from 1939-40.





SCENE OF A COMMUNIST-LED RIOT IN WHICH SEVENTY PEOPLE WERE KILLED: THE UNITED NATIONS PRISON CAMP ON THE ISLAND OF KOJE, KOREA.

General Ridgway's headquarters disclosed on February 22 that sixty-nine Korean civilians and one American soldier were killed in a riot in which interned Korean civilians attacked their American guards on the Island of Kojé, off the south-east coast of Korea, on February 18. One hundred and thirty-nine Koreans and thirty-nine soldiers were wounded, and forty other soldiers had minor injuries. The announcement said that American security forces put down the riot which, it said, was Communist-led.

## AT HOME AND ABROAD: THE CAMERA RECORDS RECENT EVENTS IN THE NEWS.



REOPENED AFTER BEING SEALED FOR OVER 500 YEARS: THE ANCIENT ASINARA GATE (RIGHT) ADMITTING TO THE CITY OF ROME THROUGH THE ANCIENT WALLS. Modern traffic has necessitated the reopening of the Porta Asinara. Admitting to the city of Rome through the ancient walls, the gate was sealed by Pope Gregory XII., and a new gate, the St. Johns Gateway (top left) was opened to let in King Ladislaus of Naples.



(LEFT.) AN EVIL-SMELLING REMINDER OF THE DISASTROUS MISSOURI RIVER FLOODS OF LAST SUMMER: THOUSANDS OF DEAD FISH NEAR TEBBETTS, MISSOURI. More than six months after the disastrous Missouri River floods, thousands of dead fish have piled up on the once fertile farm lands in the river bottoms east of Tebbetts, in Missouri. The dead fish were stranded in the backwater when the floods receded and were later left high and dry.

(RIGHT.) A STEP FORWARD IN BOAT CONSTRUCTION: A GLASS DINGHY BUILT AT THE MEDINA YARD, COWES, ISLE OF WIGHT, BY A NEW PROCESS.

The dinghy, seen carried by a man in our photograph, was built at the Medina Yard, Cowes, by a new process, which produces a glass and resin hull. The glass laminate is strong, and light and proof against rot, decay, weather and other factors which play a part in reducing the life of a normal wooden boat.



FITTED WITH A 22-GALLON-CAPACITY PETROL TANK: THE HILLMAN MINX IN WHICH THE LONDON-CAPE RECORD WAS BROKEN.



CROSSING THE SAHARA: A TYPICAL EXAMPLE OF THE CONDITIONS WHICH THE RECORD-BREAKING HILLMAN MINX ENCOUNTERED CONTINUOUSLY FOR FOUR DAYS ON THE WAY TO THE CAPE.

The Hillman Minx in which Mr. George Hinchliffe and Mr. James Bulman made their recent record run from London to the Cape, is on view in the Rootes Group showroom in Piccadilly, London. In this year-old Hillman Minx, a standard model and not a special factory-prepared product, the two men drove the 10,500 miles to Cape Town in 21 days, 19 hours, 45 mins., beating the previous record, set up by a much larger car in 1949, by 2 days, 5 hours, and 5 mins.



## A PARACHUTE OPERATION IN MALAYAN JUNGLE.



SPECIAL AIR SERVICE PARATROOPS BEING INSPECTED BEFORE THEIR DROP INTO A COMMUNIST-HELD AREA IN PERAK. THEIR COMMANDER, MAJOR DOUGLAS, NEAREST CAMERA.



NEARING THE DROPPING AREA: A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN FROM ONE OF THE THREE DAKOTAS, SHOWING THE DEEP JUNGLE AND THE FANTASTIC MOUNTAIN PEAKS.



A CASUALTY WAS EVACUATED BY HELICOPTER; AND THE CROSS SHOWS THE TINY CLEARING CUT IN THE JUNGLE TO PERMIT THE LANDING OF THE HELICOPTER.

It has been suspected that the Malayan Communists had an extensive base in the deep Perak jungles near the Siam border; and on February 9 a squadron of 57 parachute troops of the Special Air Service Regiment were dropped deep in this jungle country near Kampong Belum. All but six of them struck trees in their descent, but were able to get to the ground with the 100-ft. ropes they carried. Only three were hurt, and one who was injured was a little later evacuated by helicopter. Meanwhile ground troops set out to link up with the parachute group. It is believed that this area was being used by the Communists to grow food for themselves and to serve as a rest and training base. It is possible that they were claiming this remote area as "liberated" by them and the nucleus, as it were, of a Communist Malayan State. The use of parachute troops in this manner effectively disposes of claims of this description.

## MINED IN EGYPT: A BRITISH MILITARY TRAIN.

While travelling on the Egyptian State Railway main Port Said-to-Suez line during the afternoon of January 28, a south-bound British War Department goods train was badly damaged by an electrically-operated mine laid by Egyptian terrorists just outside Kantara, some 30 kilometres north of Ismailia. Although the engine was damaged, seven wagons were derailed and 20 yards of track uprooted, there were, fortunately, no British casualties. Immediately after the incident some Egyptians were seen running away from the area. The escort in the second part of the train opened fire, killed one Egyptian and claimed hits on three more—who managed to make their escape. Some Railway Squadron Royal Engineers were called in and made a diversion track around the damaged wagons. Strong protests were lodged with the Egyptian police, who were ordered to clear the area.



BADLY DAMAGED BY AN ELECTRICALLY-OPERATED MINE: THE ENGINE, COLOUR-SERGEANT P. LEITCH, V.C., ROYAL ENGINEERS, AFTER THE EXPLOSION.



AFTER THE DERAILMENT: THE DAMAGED BRAKE VAN AND SANDBAGGED ESCORT WAGON. THESE SANDBAGS PROBABLY SAVED THE ESCORTS' LIVES.



HUDDLED AGAINST THE OVERTURNED TANK WAGONS AFTER THE EXPLOSION: THE DAMAGED BRAKE VAN BEYOND THE FLOOD OF OIL.





IN THE RIVERINA DISTRICT OF NEW SOUTH WALES, BUSH FIRES TRAVELLED AT TERRIFIC SPEED, COMPLETELY RAZING THE PASTURE, LEAVING NOTHING FOR THE ROVING STOCK TO GRAZE.



ALL THAT REMAINED OF A RIVERINA DISTRICT HOMESTEAD AFTER THE PASSING OF A BUSH FIRE. ONLY HENS AND DUCKS PICK THEIR WAY AMONG THE RUINS.

THE January heat waves in New South Wales and Victoria were followed by an appalling series of bush fires which have caused terrible damage to property, stock and grazing, and also killed a number of persons. Even by February 10 the damage in New South Wales alone and that "only a small proportion of the total loss" was estimated at £A5,000,000. The principal areas to have suffered have been the Riverina district of New South Wales and that part of Victoria which lies near the Murray River and the border with New South Wales. A feature of the fires has been their speed and arbitrary behaviour. Sudden thunderstorms have sometimes extinguished them and sudden changes of wind have as suddenly saved or devastated home-steads or townships. The fires in Victoria on February 5 were described as the worst since "Black Friday" in 1939. In many cases where the actual stock survived, their pasture was gone or the beasts have been so maimed that they had to be slaughtered. On January 31 the Melbourne-Sydney railway was cut and fires menaced the suburbs of Sydney; while on February 5 Canberra was threatened and the Mt. Stromlo Observatory was just saved from total destruction.



AN AUSTRALIAN TOWNSHIP'S DRAMATIC ESCAPE FROM A BUSH FIRE: WODONGA, NEAR THE MURRAY RIVER, IN VICTORIA, FROM THE AIR; SHOWING THE BLACKENED PATCH LEFT BY A BUSH FIRE, WHOSE DIRECTION SUDDENLY CHANGED WITH THE WIND IN THE EARLY HOURS OF ONE MORNING.



CUTTED BY A "FIRE WHICH CAME AS SUDDENLY AND WITH THE ROAR OF AN ELECTRIC TRAIN": A STONE-BUILT HOUSE IN VICTORIA, NEAR THE HUME HIGHWAY AT BARNAWARTHA.



WILL THE FIRE ADVANCE OR WILL IT TURN ASIDE? AN AUSTRALIAN WOMAN WAITS WITH BUCKETS OF WATER NEAR HER HOME IN WAVERLEY. THE FIRE TURNED WHEN 500 YARDS AWAY.

RECENT AUSTRALIAN BUSH FIRES WHICH HAVE CAUSED TERRIBLE HAVOC TO LIFE, PROPERTY, STOCK AND PASTURE.





## THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



### BATS IN TIGHT CORNERS.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

CAN a bat survive incarceration for fifteen years? It is most unlikely, and the measure of its improbability is seen in the scant attention given to a news item by the Press in this country. The story came from across the Atlantic a week or two ago. Briefly it was this: when a portion of wall, known to have been cemented up fifteen years ago, was being demolished a bat flew out. The suggestion was put forward that it must have been in there when the work was carried out fifteen years ago, and that it may have fed on insects trapped in the wall at the same time. Improbable though the story sounds, we have to remember the legend of the toad in a stone which had gained currency and persisted over the centuries; and it is worth recalling that the great Huxley himself is on record as having said that he always felt a horror of limiting the possibilities of things. In this instance, however, there seem several solid reasons for limiting the possibilities. The bats of North America are all insectivorous, and although belonging to a different group of species, are very like those found in Europe for size, habits and performance. We are justified in arguing the case, therefore, from what is known of our own bats. The ringing of bats carried out in the last twenty years has established that longevity is limited to twelve-and-a-half years, and even this is rare, with most

was almost certainly a crack in the cement into which the animal had crept for its daily rest. Indeed, this must be accepted as a *sine qua non*—unless the bat was not imprisoned at all!—if only to give a point of entry for its insect food. When one makes actual

on the wing, will insinuate itself into a crevice no more than  $\frac{1}{4}$ -in. across. This one knows from experience when seeking bats out in their daytime hiding-places.

It is not only bats that show a propensity for negotiating such unbelievably small spaces; and structural peculiarities of the skeleton making this possible are also found in other small mammals, which we are apt to overlook because of our inevitable failure to see the world except through human eyes. Ribs are seldom so inflexible as in man and the larger mammals, where the normal obstruction is some form of pliable vegetation, bush, tall grass or scrub. For medium-sized or small quadrupeds it is almost axiomatic that where the head can penetrate, the body can follow. It is, in fact, almost a prerequisite to survival. So, although there may be ribs that are more than usually pliable, or movable on their articulations with the processes of the backbone, or even hip girdles in which there is an absence of pubic symphysis, it is in the skull that we should expect to find the appropriate peculiarities.

The more extreme modifications of the skull in animals that creep habitually through narrow spaces in rigid, unyielding surroundings take the form of a dorso-ventral flattening. In the rock dormouse (*Gliriscus*) of South Africa we have an extreme case. The skull is noticeably flattened above, and broader in relation to its length, than in the skull of, say, the nearly related Cape dormouse (*Graphiurus*), that finds a living in a less stony habitat. A similar contrast can be seen in another related pair of rodents. The dassie rat (*Petromys*), so-called from the similarity of its habitat to that of the rock hyrax, or dassie, has a markedly more flattened skull than the nearly related Tuco-tuco (*Ctenomys*) of South America, that enables it to creep through cracks in the rocks.



INSINUATED INTO A QUARTER-INCH SPACE BETWEEN TWO BRICKS: A PIPISTRELLE BAT; A POSED PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING HOW A BAT, WITHOUT UNDUE FORCING, CAN BE INSERTED INTO THE CHINK BETWEEN TWO BRICKS. PART OF THE BODY AND ONE WING WERE LEFT HANGING OUT BECAUSE ONCE THE SPECIMEN WAS COMPLETELY INSERTED IT MERGED WITH THE DARKNESS AND WAS EXTREMELY DIFFICULT TO SEE.

measurements it becomes evident that the smaller mammals can creep into or through incredibly small openings. It may not be necessary



"THE MORE EXTREME MODIFICATIONS OF THE SKULL IN ANIMALS THAT CREEP HABITUALLY THROUGH NARROW SPACES IN RIGID, UNYIELDING SURROUNDINGS TAKE THE FORM OF A DORSO-VENTRAL FLATTENING": TOP VIEWS OF THE SKULLS OF A DASSIE RAT (RIGHT, CENTRE) AND A ROCK DORMOUSE (LEFT, CENTRE) COMPARED WITH THE SKULLS OF A TUCO-TUCO (RIGHT) AND CAPE DORMOUSE (LEFT), WHICH LIVE NORMALLY IN UNDERGROWTH. THE DORSO-VENTRAL FLATTENING IS MORE READILY APPARENT TO THE TOUCH THAN THE EYE.

individuals not surviving beyond five years, or at most eight years. On the other hand, the very extensive records of longevity in mammals and birds compiled by the late Major Stanley Flower show that in most species there is the occasional individual that lives anything up to double the age of the general average for its species.

Excessive longevity is not only rare, it is correlated with unusually favourable conditions. It is well known that bats are difficult to keep in captivity. This is primarily due to the difficulty of feeding them the large number of insects required daily outside the period of hibernation. It may also be due partly to lack of adequate exercise, though this has yet to be proved for a certainty. An incarcerated bat would therefore require a constant invasion of its prison by a large number of insects, and this would necessitate cracks in the cement. Exercise, too, would present difficulties; and, in any case, it has been shown that before a bat takes off, even after a few hours' sleep, it must exercise the wings to bring the heart-beat, respiration and circulation up to normal before active flying can take place. Presumably, therefore, an incarcerated bat would live perpetually at a low ebb and die from inanition in a comparatively short time. If, miraculously, it did survive, it would almost certainly have to learn again to fly, when released from its prison. This would hardly lead to an eye-witness description of the bat as flying out.

Perhaps this is over-long discussion of a report which patently could not be accepted, but it is worth while showing by rational argument the improbability of the story, especially as it bears so close a resemblance to the more familiar and more firmly-established story of the toad in the stone. The explanation in both may be similar. In the case of the bat there

even to restrict this remark to small mammals. Boys can get through unbelievably small openings—if the need is great enough. Even adults, especially when following the profession of house-breaking, can give surprises in this respect. Cats, badgers, hedgehogs and others have all at some time or other surprised their captors by escaping through openings which would have appeared at first glance to make escape impossible. It seemed, therefore, worth while to take some measurements of bats.

The first thing to emerge was that the size of a bat on the wing is highly deceptive. A pipistrelle, for example, despite its large appearance, relatively speaking, resulting from a wing span of 8 ins., can accommodate itself in a crevice a quarter-of-an-inch across, provided there is a few inches width to take the wings. Even the large noctule, with a 10-in. spread



THE SKULL OF A PIPISTRELLE (LEFT) COMPARED WITH THAT OF A *Tylonycteris* BAT OF MALAYA, SHOWING IN THE LATTER A BROADENING OF THE SKULL CORRELATED WITH A DORSO-VENTRAL FLATTENING. THE "STRING" USED FOR TYING ON THE LABELS IS IN FACT THE FINEST COTTON AND GIVES AN INDICATION OF THE SIZE OF THE TINY SKULLS, WHICH ARE SEEN HERE ENLARGED ABOUT FIVE TIMES.

The skulls shown in our photograph are extremely small and the bones are of almost egg-shell-like fragility. It is possible, though this is surmise, that in addition to the dorso-ventral flattening found in animals that creep through, or into, narrow spaces, there may be some degree of pliability so that there is a certain amount of "give" to the pressure of the hard surface. The zygomatic arches are usually broken in these small skulls, when cleaned.

Photographs by permission of the Trustees, British Museum (Natural History).

This is a subject that would profitably bear a more thorough study, linking up the habits of the beasts with the peculiarities of skeleton, as we pass from one habitat to another. For the moment, however, our theme is otherwise, and anyone who has had occasion to notice through what a narrow chink even the common house mouse will squeeze if hard-pressed, may yet be surprised to find into what chinks the smaller bats will retire as a matter of habit.

The record for this kind of behaviour is found in the bat *Tylonycteris*, of Malaya, which hides up in a split bamboo stem. Very like our pipistrelle, it appears about the same size, but if the head is felt between thumb and finger it is noticeably flattened, the skull being more flattened dorso-ventrally than in the general run of bats. Incidentally, *Tylonycteris* also has a sucker at the base of each thumb and one on each hind foot, which are used for clinging to the smooth leaves and stems of the bamboo.

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## A STOREHOUSE OF THE TUDOR NAVY: REMAINS UNCOVERED AT DEPTFORD.



UNCOVERED DURING THE RECENT REMOVAL OF WAR-DAMAGED BUILDINGS AT DEPTFORD: A NAVAL STORE BUILT IN THE EARLY PART OF HENRY VIII'S REIGN, SHOWING THE POSITION OF THE LARGE BRICKWORK NICHE (LEFT). MUCH OF THE TUDOR BRICKWORK REMAINS.

AN IMPORTANT TUDOR RELIC THAT THE L.C.C. "WILL TRY TO SAVE": A LARGE NICHE OF BRICKWORK ON THE RIVER FRONT, WITH A TABLET INSCRIBED "A.X.H.R. [ANNO CHRISTI, HENRICUS REX] 1513."



RECENTLY UNCOVERED ON THE RIVER FRONT OF THE NAVAL STORE: A FOUR-LIGHT MULLIONED WINDOW WITH THE ORIGINAL IRONWORK. THE TUDOR STORE WAS 140 FT. LONG, 25 FT. WIDE AND 35 FT. HIGH. AT THE NORTH-WEST END THERE WAS A TWO-STOREY HOUSE FOR THE DOCKYARD KEEPER.

A building which provides a link with the first Queen Elizabeth has been uncovered during the recent removal of war-damaged buildings at Deptford. This building, a naval store, was built in the early part of the reign of Henry VIII. and was thought to have been demolished 200 years ago, but had, in fact, been incorporated in later structures. The L.C.C. and the Admiralty hope to retain a large double niche of brickwork dated 1513, a four-light mullioned window with the original ironwork; a single-light window with original ironwork; and a Tudor fireplace. The niche with the tablet giving the date when Henry VIII. began



FOUND IN THE REMAINS OF ONE OF THE EARLIEST BUILDINGS CONSTRUCTED FOR THE NAVY, OVER 400 YEARS AGO: A SINGLE-LIGHT WINDOW, WITH THE ORIGINAL IRONWORK.

the construction of the storehouse is, according to present plans, to be re-erected in the L.C.C.'s newly extended park at Sayes Court, Greenwich, near the site of the store. The Tudor Store, or "Longe Store House," was part of the Royal Naval Dockyard established by Henry VIII. The shipbuilding industry flourished here for a long time and the dockyard was only closed about the middle of the last century. On April 4, 1581, Queen Elizabeth visited the dockyard and knighted Francis Drake on the deck of the *Golden Hind*. This famous vessel later lay in honour in the dry-dock until it literally fell to pieces through age.



# THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

## HEARING THE ECHO.

By J. C. TREWIN.

SHAKESPEARE'S Welshman, Fluellen, in one of my favourite speeches from "Henry the Fifth," observes: "There is a river in Macedon; and there is also a river at Monmouth... 'tis alike as my fingers is to my fingers, and there is salmons in both."

I suppose it can be said of the musical comedy, "Bet Your Life," at the Hippodrome, and Shakespeare's "The Two Gentlemen of Verona," at the Old Vic, that they are alike in at least one way. The first has a pack of bandits, the second a pack of outlaws (reminiscent irresistibly of the Pirates of Penzance). But this hardly explains why they seem now to be partners: the rowdy, rumple-strum of the popular musical piece and the light romantic nonsense of Shakespeare's early lyric comedy. The answer simply is that each, in its style, is a comedy of echoes: both at the Hippodrome and the Vic we are reminded oddly of other sounds, other sights.

Alan Melville, in the book of "Bet Your Life," sends us to Corsica. Nominally, that is something fresh, though it proves soon to be like any other place in any musical play. Scenery, natives and habits are old friends: around us the echoes ring. True, the local dance is a farandole. We have danced—an echo again—a cachucha, fandango, bolero, but not a farandole: one up to the Hippodrome. Mr. Melville has worked very hard to close his ears to the echoes. His lyrics are as trim as ever; and I do not think any other librettist has provided us with a jockey who dreams next day's winners (and starting prices) while on a Corsican holiday. Yet, in spite of its lyrics, its brisk dancing, and general goodwill, we cannot feel that this is other than a routine musical affair, owing more to its cast than to the material. Arthur Askey, using the signature-password, "playmates" (echo here), is a comedian without subtlety but with a likeable way of getting on terms with his audience, the first-night upper circle excepted. Julie Wilson, who echoes "I'll be true to you, darling—in my fashion," has a blithe ferocity; and Tom Gill, an actor of real craft, lurches through the piece with his own brand of double-talk.

Quite clearly, the librettist had no idea that he was summoning echoes. In musical comedy (this one needs cutting) you cannot very well avoid them. Agreed, not many during the comedian's "right side, wrong side" speech may have remembered H. G. Ponting's "skin side-inside" joke in the "South Polar Times" during the Scott expedition. But I dare say one or two theatrical historians will have smiled already at the play upon "sick transit" during the not very funny scene of air-sickness on the flight back from Corsica. The same pun appeared in a Strand Theatre travesty, "The Field of the Cloth of Gold," more than eighty years ago. Katharine of Arragon, disembarking in France, observed:

Yesterday all was fair, a glorious Sunday,  
But this sick transit spoils the glory o' Monday.

The echoes were still more insistent in that better piece, "The Two Gentlemen of Verona," at the Old Vic. I am sorry that the Bristol Old Vic Company is in London for only two weeks. These playboys from the Western world, under a fine producer, Denis Carey, can match the senior cast of the Vic, and they have shown to us how charming, in its preposterous way, Shakespeare's very early comedy of echoes can be. Mr. Carey, in a curtain speech, used the epithet, "wilful": the piece is a child that kicks up its heels and goes its own way.

Lines that seem to us now to be echoing were Shakespeare's drafts for the future. The comedy is like a rough scribbling book in which we get here a note on "The Merchant of Venice," then a hint for "Romeo and Juliet," then a passage to be worked up in "Twelfth Night." Almost at once Julia and Lucetta, mistress and maid,

throw off a scene that Shakespeare re-handled in "The Merchant." It begins:

Julia: Of all the fair resort of gentlemen  
That every day with parle encounter me,  
In thy opinion which is worthiest love?

Lucetta: Please you repeat their names; I'll show my mind  
According to my shallow simple skill...

Later, in "The Merchant," the maid will be the



"A MUSICAL EXTRAVAGANCE AND AN UP-AND-DOWN AFFAIR, HAPPIEST IN ITS MELVILLE LYRICS, THE DANCING, AND A VARIETY OF STAUNCH PERFORMANCES": "BET YOUR LIFE" AT THE LONDON HIPPODROME; THE AIRBORNE SCENE FROM ACT II, IN WHICH ARTHUR ASKEY APPEARS DISGUISED AS AN AIR HOSTESS.

questioner. Shakespeare also anticipates "Romeo" (he even mentions a Friar Laurence). When, in "The Two Gentlemen," Proteus says: "As one heat another heat expels... so the remembrance of my former love is by a newer object quite forgotten," he is saying what Benvolio, in "Romeo and Juliet," will soon repeat in another way:

One fire burns out another's burning...  
Take thou some new infection to the eye,  
And the rank poison of the old will die.



"THIS IS THE KIND OF PIECE THAT I CANNOT IMAGINE FOR A MOMENT IN THE CLUTCH OF AN INFERIOR COMPANY": "THE HAPPY TIME" AT THE ST. JAMES'S THEATRE, A SCENE FROM THE COMEDY BY SAMUEL TAYLOR SHOWING GRANDPÈRE'S HEART ATTACK. (L. TO R.) MIGNONETTE (GENEVIEVE PAGE); UNCLE DESMONDE (PETER DYNELEY); DOCTOR GAGNON (GEOFFREY BAYLON); PAPA (PETER FINCH); GRANDPÈRE (RONALD SQUIRE); UNCLE LOUIS (GEORGE DEVINE); AUNT FELICE (ANN WILTON) AND MAMAN (RACHEL KEMPSON).

### OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"SUNSET IN KNIGHTSBRIDGE" (Westminster).—Ireland Wood's intelligent, but slow-moving, version of Pamela Hansford Johnson's "An Avenue of Stone." Its best thing is Olga Lindo's subtle elaboration of a woman who will not grow old gracefully. (January 23 to February 23.)  
"THE FIRSTBORN" (Winter Garden).—Christopher Fry brings the deed to the word in an Old Testament drama that is so far his most exciting work for the theatre. Alec Clunes dominates as Moses, the deliverer. There is still one week to go. (January 29.)  
"THE HAPPY TIME" (St. James's).—Samuel Taylor's arch and tenuous light comedy of a French-Canadian family in Ottawa. It owes much to its performance, though not to the various renderings of the French-Canadian accent. (January 30.)  
"MARCEL MARCEAU" (Arts).—A likeable French mime. (January 30 to February 23.)  
"THE SAME SKY" (Lyric, Hammersmith).—A welcome London production of Yvonne Mitchell's sympathetic play of wartime in the East End. (January 31.)  
"HERE 'S TO US" (New Boltons).—A new management opens, under Basil Ashmore's artistic direction, with an American comedy by Shirland Quin. (February 4-23.)  
"CHRIST'S EMPEROR" (St. Thomas's Church, Regent Street).—Dorothy Sayers puts the Council of Nicea on a church stage in an erudite chronicle. (February 5-23.)  
"INNER CIRCLE" (Embassy).—A tedious bit of minor crookery. (February 12-23.)  
"THE HUNGRY GOD" (Q).—Joseph Pole's charged drama of events in a London Embassy that is not Ruritanian. (February 12-16.)  
"BET YOUR LIFE" (Hippodrome).—A musical extravaganza and an up-and-down affair, happiest in its Melville lyrics, the dancing, and a variety of staunch performances. The score (Charles Zwar and Kenneth Leslie-Smith) is often oddly glum, and the book needs clipping. (February 18.)  
"THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA" (Old Vic).—The Bristol Old Vic cast gaily re-creates this comedy of daybreak. (February 19 to March 1.)

There are all manner of resemblances. "Who is Silvia?" one of Shakespeare's sweetest songs, is sung at the command of a foolish lover, Sir Thurio, acted at the Vic with a nice Sir Andrew quality (another echo) by John Warner. Years afterwards, the equally foolish Cloten of "Cymbeline" will order "Hark, hark the lark" to be sung to his adored Imogen. Consider, too, the business with the rings, the girl as page, the balcony work, the pun-cracking servitors. It is, indeed, the Shakespeare to come.

The audience at the Vic, where this comedy is unfamiliar, took to it with delight. One expects good speaking from a Bristol cast: the verse was phrased accurately by Pamela Alan and Gudrun Ure (the Julia and Silvia) and Laurence Payne and John Neville (Proteus and Valentine). And it was a pleasure to find so apt a Shakespearean as William Squire to deal with the Duke of Milan. For me the play has the note of the lines in which Shakespeare might have been thinking of the Avon: "The current that with gentle murmur glides... Makes sweet music with the enamell'd stones." But there are also the broad comedians, Launce and Speed. The first, with his dog Crab (something of a dog-star at the Vic), was Michael Aldridge: he turned himself into a creature endearingly wistful and loyal, and his back-chat with Speed (Newton Blick, of the crumpled countenance) came across freshly to a house glad to "discover" a less rubbed passage of Shakespearean comedy.

It was a cheering night of echoes, framed in Hutchinson Scott's graceful permanent set of metal and glass. Bernard Shaw would have had less reason for annoyance than in 1895, when he reviewed scornfully "the piece founded by Augustin Daly on Shakespeare's 'The Two Gentlemen of Verona,'" and commented:

The scenery is insufferable... A man who, having once seen cypresses and felt their presence in a North Italian landscape, paints them lettuce-colour, must be suffering either from madness, malice, or a theory of how nature should have coloured trees, cognate with Mr. Daly's theory of how Shakespeare should have written plays.

I could have wished only that the Vic revival had omitted some of the linking songs (the piece is produced as a masque) and allowed "Who is Silvia?" to shine alone. Incidentally, when "The Two Gentlemen" was done at Covent Garden in 1821 as something called loosely an "opera," Julia herself serenaded Silvia, aided by a chorus of outlaws named Rodolfo, Carlos, Ubaldo and Stephano.

One of Mr. Carey's very few cuts was wholly just. He dispensed with the fantastic lines (during that fantastic last scene) in which the over-generous Valentine cries

A SMALL BOY LEARNS ABOUT LOVE AND TRUTH: BIBI (ANDREW RAY) WITH HIS FATHER, PAPA (PETER FINCH), IN A SCENE FROM THE THIRD ACT OF "THE HAPPY TIME."

suddenly to the forgiven Proteus:  
And, that my love may appear plain  
and free,  
All that was mine in Silvia I  
give thee.

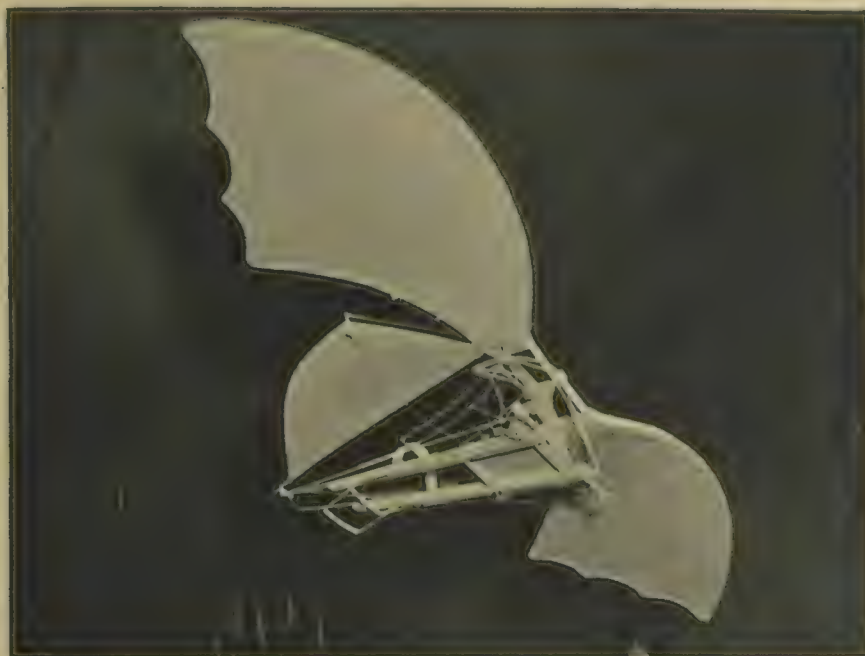
This was too much for Mr. Carey, as it would have been for us. But elsewhere he let us have everything, the mention of Friar Laurence, the charming romantic sketch of Sir Eglamour—who just fades away—and the Duke of Milan's curious slip. "There is a lady in Verona here whom I affect..." And throughout, of course, echo upon echo—just as in "Bet Your Life." There is salmons in both.



# DA VINCI, SUBJECT OF AN R.A. EXHIBITION: HIS ENGINEERING INVENTIONS.



A FORERUNNER OF THE MACHINE-GUN: A QUICK-FIRING GUN WITH MULTIPLE BARRELS, ONE TIER TO BE FIRED WHILE A SECOND WAS LOADED AND A THIRD COOLED.



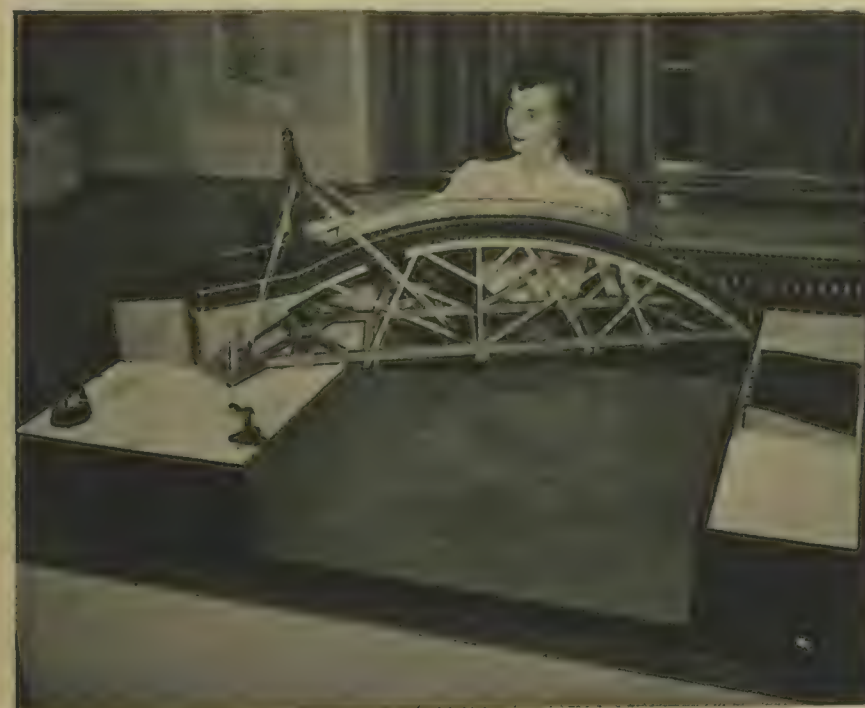
A FLYING-MACHINE: THE PILOT, LYING PRONE, WAS TO WORK THE WINGS BY PULLEYS OPERATED BY HIS FEET, AND TO TURN A WINDLASS TO PROVIDE THE MOTIVE POWER.



A MECHANICAL CARRIAGE DESIGNED TO BE DRIVEN BY SPRINGS: IT HAS BEEN CONSTRUCTED FROM ONE OF THE DRAWINGS MADE BY LEONARDO DA VINCI (1452-1519).



DESIGNED BY LEONARDO FOR LAND RECLAMATION: A PILE-DRIVER WITH AN AUTOMATIC RELEASE, CONSTRUCTED FROM DRAWINGS BY MR. R. GUATELLI, WHO IS SHOWN WITH IT.



DESIGNED TO CONNECT AN ISLAND FORTRESS WITH THE MAINLAND: A ROTATING BRIDGE WHICH COULD BE SWUNG ROUND WHEN NOT IN USE.

A Royal Academy Exhibition to commemorate the 500th anniversary of the birth of Leonardo da Vinci (1452-1519) is due to open on March 6 in the Diploma Gallery, Burlington House, which has been closed since 1939. The display will consist of over 250 drawings from the Royal collection at Windsor, the British Museum, the Ashmolean, Christ Church, Oxford, and other sources. A section will also be devoted to Leonardo's scientific work. This will include drawings and manuscripts, as well as thirteen models of mechanical and other devices

specially constructed from his original designs by the Science Museum and illustrating his remarkable anticipations of modern engineering triumphs. On this page we give five model reconstructions of Leonardo designs made by Mr. Roberto Guatelli, an Italian engineer, which were among those exhibited at the Edison Museum, Dearborn, Michigan, a couple of years ago. Leonardo's sketch-books contain drawings for many mechanical devices, some of which were constructed and used, while others never went farther than the drawing-board.





## A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. WHAT MARCO POLO FOUND.

By FRANK DAVIS.

such a piece as this was no exception to the general rule is proved by a thousand examples of similar type, whether of Ting ware or of other kinds made by the Chinese at this period.

Here, in Fig. 2, is a celadon dish, the border of which provides a beautiful example of this freehand rhythmic drawing. It may be a century or so later than the previous illustration. These celadon dishes,

Archbishop Warham in 1530. Fig. 4 shows another celadon type, that which is generally described as a bulb bowl or flower stand. In the centre is a Longevity character, and the exterior is moulded with the pattern known as the Eight Trigrams.

With Fig. 3 we are at Chün Chou (the modern Yü Hsien), in Honan, which gives its name to this type of ware. The ground colour varies from a delicate lavender-grey to greenish-blue, and is marked by irregular "splashes" of purple or crimson or an indeterminate plum colour. Most of us find Chün ware very attractive, though its rarity places pieces well beyond the reach of the majority, and we like them perhaps all the more because of the many laborious attempts which modern potters have made to produce some such haphazard effect. Not all critics have kind things to say about Chün ware, though few are so forthright as to imitate one learned seventeenth-century Chinese who referred to the "splashes" as "mule's liver" and "horse's lung." I am told that this description is intended to show disapproval, but I am never quite sure what are the real intentions of Far Eastern critics. Can we ever be quite sure of the meaning of certain expressions when the highest praise for a piece of jade is "mutton-fat," a revolting simile to most European ears?

By the time Marco Polo arrived in China in 1275 the export trade had been prosperous for many years. It became yet more important during the succeeding dynasty, the Yuan (1280-1368), when the Mongols were in control of the whole country, and it extended not merely to the Near East, but to Borneo and the other neighbouring islands, including the Philippines, where pieces of celadon and other wares have been preserved for centuries. Nor was this a purely one-way traffic, for this intercourse



FIG. 1. SHOWING THE SENSITIVE, FREELY-DRAWN DECORATION WHICH IT BEARS AND THE COPPER RIM ENCIRCLING THE EDGE: A TING DISH.

Ting ware "is generally described loosely as white, though ivory would be nearer the mark. . . . In many cases Ting dishes and bowls were placed in the kiln upside-down: this left a rough, unglazed rim and so the metal collar was added. . . ."

with their soft greens, have been among the wonders of the world ever since they were made, and were exported in large quantities during Sung times. Their massive build has saved them when more fragile wares have perished. The route to the Near East was by way of Cochin-China to Palembang, in Sumatra, and thence to Martaban, on the Moulmein coast. From there they were taken to India and Ceylon, across to Zanzibar, and to Mesopotamia and Egypt. A magnificent collection is at Istanbul, much of it loot from Persia, acquired by the sixteenth-century Sultans, Selim I. and Soleiman the Magnificent, and much as gifts from the Sultans of Egypt. Its popularity in the East was no doubt considerably enhanced by the widely-held belief that if poisoned food be placed in a celadon dish, the thing will crack or change colour. (The Chinese have always been good salesmen.)

One celadon piece at least reached England, no one knows when. It was paid the compliment of a silver mount and was left to New College by



FIG. 2. FROM THE LUNG CH'UAN PERIOD, SUNG DYNASTY: A CELADON DISH.

This dish is an example of the great ceramic export of the Sung and Yuan dynasties. It bears a lively dragon moulded in relief in the centre and the border is a beautiful example of freehand rhythmic drawing.

In many cases Ting dishes and bowls were placed in the kiln upside-down: this left a rough, unglazed rim and so the metal collar was added, as it was also to a few other types from the Sung Dynasty. I have yet to hear a plausible explanation of this practice. The very subtle colour is matched—and nobly matched—by sensitive, freely-drawn decoration (in this example, a lotus flower and foliage), far removed from the tight, rather niggling drawing with which everyone is familiar on many later porcelains. This gift for simple flowing line is so much in accord with our own ideals that it requires a certain effort of the imagination to realise that work of this character in stoneware or porcelain was being carried out by a multitude of humble craftsmen when King John was placing his reluctant signature on Magna Carta. That



FIG. 3. PALE LAVENDER-BLUE WITH "SPLASHES" OF PLUM COLOUR: A BOWL OF CHÜN WARE.

Chün Chou (the modern Yü Hsien), in the province of Honan, gives its name to the type of ware illustrated in this photograph. "The ground colour varies from a delicate lavender-grey to greenish-blue, and is marked by irregular 'splashes' of purple or crimson."



FIG. 4. BEARING A LONGEVITY CHARACTER IN THE CENTRE: A CELADON BULB BOWL OR FLOWER STAND.

This celadon bowl is of the shape generally described as a bulb bowl or flower stand. The exterior is moulded with the pattern known as the Eight Trigrams, and in the centre is a Longevity character. It was widely believed in the East that poisoned food placed on a celadon dish would cause it to crack.

with the outside world brought new pottery forms to China, and new ideas, particularly painting in cobalt blue, which the Chinese always referred to as "Mohamedan blue." Thus began the vast manufacture of blue-and-white pieces, which in due course spread to Europe. Truly the world is one and indivisible in spite of all appearances. By the way, the word "celadon": we all know what it means but it has the oddest derivation. In the early seventeenth century Honoré D'Urfé wrote a pastoral romance called "L'Astrée." This was staged and one of the characters was called Celadon. He wore a willow-green dress. The colour captured the imagination of the public and the name was transferred to this beautiful Chinese stoneware, which by that time was becoming highly prized by the French.



# OLD MASTERS FROM JERSEY COLLECTIONS: A CHANNEL ISLANDS LOAN EXHIBITION.



"THE BEGGAR'S OPERA"; BY WILLIAM HOGARTH (1697-1764). MRS. FENTON, MR. WALKER AND MRS. EGGLETON AS POLLY, MACHEATH AND LUCY. *Lent by the Duke of Leeds.* (24 by 29 ins.)



"LANDSCAPE WITH CATTLE"; BY THOMAS GAINSBOROUGH, R.A. (1727-1788). BOUGHT AT A SALE IN THE ARTIST'S STUDIO AFTER HIS DEATH. *Lent by the Earl of Jersey.* (47 by 58 ins.)



"SIR GEORGE CARTERET, BART.," THE ROYALIST DEFENDER OF ELIZABETH CASTLE; BY SIR PETER LELY (1618-1680). *Lent by Mr. G. Malet de Carteret, Jural.* (50 by 40 ins.)



"LA REPASSEUSE" (THE IRONING GIRL); BY JACQUES LOUIS DAVID (1748-1816). *Lent by the Parish of St. Helier to whom it was bequeathed in 1890.* (45 by 34 ins.)



"LADY ELIZABETH CARTERET," AFTER WHOM ELIZABETH, NEW JERSEY, WAS NAMED; BY SIR PETER LELY (1618-1680). *Lent by Mr. G. Malet de Carteret, Jural.* (50 by 40 ins.)



"LANDSCAPE"; BY JACOB VAN RUISDAEL (1628/9-1682), WHOSE WORK GREATLY INFLUENCED CONSTABLE AND THE EAST ANGLIAN SCHOOL OF LANDSCAPE PAINTING. *Lent by the Duke of Leeds.* (18½ by 25½ ins.)



"ARTHUR, 1ST DUKE OF WELLINGTON"; BY FRANCISCO JOSE DE GOYA Y LUCIENTES (1746-1828). *Lent by the Duke of Leeds.* (23½ by 18 ins.)

"Famous Pictures from Jersey Collections," a Loan Exhibition arranged by the Arts Council with the Jersey Society of Artists, in the Barreau Art Gallery, St. Helier (by permission of the Société Jersiaise), was to have been opened on February 23 by Lady Grasett. She was unable to officiate owing to the King's death; and Sir Philip Hendy, Director of the National Gallery, arranged to take her place. The exhibition, which will continue until March 8, consists

of works by seventeenth- and eighteenth-century artists and a group of French nineteenth-century paintings; catalogue notes and attributions supplied by the lenders. Mrs. Fenton, painted by Hogarth as Polly Peachum, became Duchess of Bolton. Charles, Duke of Bolton, is one of the spectators (right) in the picture. The Goya portrait of the first Duke of Wellington, painted in Spain, was given by the sitter to Louisa, wife of the seventh Duke of Leeds.



## NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

## FICTION OF THE WEEK.

THIS week the stories have a common factor: they are all "period." Some will regard this as a common flaw; and though I don't agree—though I am rather prone to the despised historical—I must admit there is a case against it. But if a theme is period, it is, and no disclaimers can avert a judgment. The most ambitious novel of the week, "The Adversaries," by John Sommerfield (Heinemann; 15s.), aspires with some naïveté to have it both ways: to use the past and to disown it, in the same breath.

What we are offered is the free transcription of a true story. Evariste Galois, a student revolutionary with a genius for mathematics, died at the age of twenty in a duel. Here he is known as Roger Constant. His brief and turbulent career, his tragic end, his mathematical achievements are preserved intact; but not, we learn, the details of his life and character. "The story is neither history nor biography. It will not speak of the past as we are able to imagine it; the scenery of life a hundred years ago in a foreign country is strange to us, and an attempt to re-create it would produce something quaint and old-fashioned, falsifying the reality of the way men loved, suffered and struggled, and obscuring the social forces that were, to the people upon whom they acted, not history but life itself."

I quote this as a perfect instance of what not to feel. Its view of history as dead to the imagination strikes me as lamentable; but if dead it is, if we are bound to look on it as "quaint" and "old-fashioned," then surely the creative writer ought to keep out of it. Galois, as Roger Constant, should have been transplanted to our own time. Indeed, the author's foreword led me to expect as much. But not at all; we are in Paris, in the sunset of Legitimacy, under Charles X. The names are dropped or altered, but the fact is clear. Roger, like Galois, fights upon the barricades. The revolution of July is mentioned openly. And these political events, transcribed with care and not at all disguised by the anonymous procedure, are a main issue.

Method and substance are in fact at odds. This story should be passionate and brief, and should be full of *Zeitgeist*. It is presented here with talent and sympathy, but by the wrong exponent, in the wrong way.

"Panorama," by Phyllis Bentley (Gollancz; 12s. 6d.), is a mirror of the West Riding from the Elizabethan era to the present day. At least, that might be called the scheme. But in effect the stories are a mixed bag. They do bestride the centuries and—more or less—involve the West Riding, but they are not essentially a sequence nor the same in kind. And what is worse, they are a disappointment on their own merits. I am so fond of this agreeable and solid writer that I hate to say so; I was expecting to be pleased, and tried. But, after all, it was a let-down.

Though not, of course, without attraction; Phyllis Bentley is her old self, only a trifle below par. What she has thrown together is a kind of scrapbook, and obsession-stories are its best line. Of these the first and strongest is "A Bag of Silver," an Elizabethan melodrama. Then we have "Angram Folly," in a milder age, and on a more domestic note—but leading equally to death and ruin. These stories might have had another scene, but they are well embedded in the West Riding. In "The Sun and the Hedge," feud and obsession are political; it is a tale of Yorkshire in the Civil War. This theme the author has already handled, more extensively and on the same lines; and so the repetition has a ring of staleness. One might describe "A Case in Chancery" as an obsession-story, but of a light, romantic dye; it is the only cheerful business in the whole book. And we conclude in such an air of gloom, with such a grim didactic drama of the present hour, that I was quite surprised, and much confirmed in my suspicion of a scrapbook. Surely, this can't have been contrived on purpose as the last word.

"Great Lady" is disquieting for another reason. It is an eighteenth-century romance, Yorkshire by little more than courtesy, but in the main authentic: the story of Alfieri, the Italian dramatist, Lady Ligonier, and the Pretender's wife. And here the record has been sadly tamed. It throws the author's limitations into sharp relief; but also, it suggests a doubt about historical fiction. Do we want *anyone* to meddle with a real story? Is there not cogency in the objection of a great writer, that nothing can be deeply interesting or profoundly moving which is not true, and nothing can be truer than what really happened?

The charm of "Gentleman Adventurer," by Charles Kennaway (Duckworth; 10s. 6d.), lies in its occupation with what really happened. It is a work of antiquarian research, the last amusement of a sick man; but it is very simple, homely and appealing.

Charles Hay, who tells the story of his life, was born upon the Braes of Ochil in the year 1700. This is the author's native place; and the narrator, like himself, is "bred to the law." He goes to school in Perth, and as a schoolboy witnesses the burnings of the '15. Driven from Scotland by a private grief, he takes to soldiering in the French service. It is the old profession of the Scot; but after Fontenoy, where Scottish regiments have been engaged, he feels a scruple and returns home. Such is the tedium, however, of his rustication from the great world, that in the '45 he nearly goes out with the Young Pretender. Only a lucky accident commits him to the right side.

It is a scrappy narrative, and very thin as a story. But as a fresh and intimate relation of what really happened, it is worth while.

"Suburban Saraband," by Richard Harrison (Jarrolds; 10s.), removes us from the sphere of history but not of fact; it is the story of an ordinary murder, by a real-life expert. The scene is outer London, where a flighty waitress has been raped and strangled. The "saraband" strikes up on her last day, and is performed, in alternating figures and with slight recessions and advances in time, by her surviving family, their closest neighbours and associates, and the officiating police. That night she had been drinking with a journalist who lodges close by; they left the pub together, and the rest is silence. And so, of course, the journalist is in the front line. But there are other possibilities involved. The police are human, and the situations quite natural—indeed, to such a point that the solution can be no surprise. But it is really none the worse for that.

## CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

TO force your opponent's king into the middle of the board usually justifies the sacrifice of a pawn or more. As soon as he is on your fifth rank, pawns as well as pieces can co-operate in his discomfiture. The classic example of this kind of play is a casual game played by Edward Lasker against Sir George Thomas in the City of London Club about 1914, which went as follows:

(Dutch Defence.)

LASKER.	THOMAS.	LASKER.	THOMAS.
1. P-Q4	P-K3	6. P-K4	P×P
2. Kt-KB3	P-KB4	7. Kt×P	P-QKt3
3. Kt-B3	Kt-KB3	8. Kt-K5	Castles?
4. B-Kt5	B-K2	9. B-Q3	B-Kt2
5. B×Kt	B×B	10. Q-R5	Q-K2

It seems hardly credible that White should now be able to force mate in eight moves, that Black should never henceforth be allowed to move anything but his king, and that his king should end its career on Kk8, but such is the case!

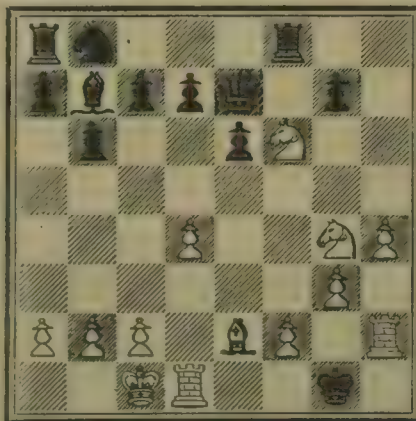


11. Q×Pch!! K×Q  
 12. Kt×B double ch K-R3  
 If 12... K-R1; 13. Kt-Kt6 mate.  
 13. Kt(K5)-Kt4ch K-Kt4  
 14. P-KR4ch K-B5  
 15. P-KKt3ch K-B6  
 16. B-K2ch

White could even have improved on this by castling king's side, after which mate next move by 17. Kt-R2 is inevitable.

16. K-Kt7  
 17. R-R2ch K-Kt8  
 18. Castles, mate.

Final position:



This has a good claim to be regarded as the most remarkable game of chess ever played.

## HARDSHIPS—IN COLD AND HEAT.

I BEGIN this week with two remarkable books which may be loosely labelled "travel"—remarkable, the one because of its subject matter, the other because of its writing. The first is "No Picnic on Mount Kenya," by Felice Benuzzi (Kimber; 15s.). There have been many books on escapes by British P.O.W.s from German or Italian camps. This is the first one I have encountered written by an ex-enemy who escaped from one of our camps. Signor Benuzzi, who was born in Vienna of an Italian father and an Austrian mother, was a keen mountaineer, like his parents, from childhood. He was appointed to the Italian Colonial Service in 1938, and served in Addis Ababa. With so many of his compatriots he was declared a prisoner of war after we conquered Abyssinia in 1941. He was for some time in No. 354 P.O.W. Camp at Nanyuki. One morning he was woken by a friend who told him to get up quickly and to have a look at Mount Kenya. "I emerged at last, stumbled a few steps in the mud and then I saw it: an ethereal mountain emerging from a tossing sea of clouds framed between two dark barracks—a massive blue-black tooth of sheer rock inlaid with azure glaciers, austere yet floating fairy-like on the near horizon. It was the first 17,000-ft. peak I had ever seen." The vision was too much for the mountaineer in Signor Benuzzi. "For hours afterwards I remained spell-bound. I had definitely fallen in love." From that moment it seems the idea of escaping from the camp—not in order to reach Mozambique or somehow to get to Italian Somaliland—but in order to climb Mount Kenya, took possession of him. With two companions he gradually acquired, with infinite difficulty, some primitive mountaineering equipment. Readers of our own "escape" books will be familiar with the incredible ingenuity with which the incarcerated human being can devise materials to aid his escape—tools which would normally require all the resources of a fully-equipped workshop. Their "map" was a label of a famous meat and vegetable packing firm. It showed in vivid red, black and yellow, the rough outline of Mount Kenya and the approaches to it. Finally, having made their preparations, they made their bid for freedom, leaving behind them a "parole" for the officer commanding the P.O.W. camp promising to be back within a fortnight.

Their journey was both wearying and exciting, wearying because of the physical conditions, exciting because they were unarmed and their route lay through some of the finest big-game country in Africa, with rhino, buffalo and elephant existing in profusion among the giant heather at 14,000 ft. Almost from the start one member of the party was ill, so that they had to leave him behind at an improvised base camp. Their return journey brought them almost to the end of their resources due to cold, wet and lack of food. They did, however, succeed in breaking into camp again and thus honouring their parole, to the astonishment of their fellow prisoners and the admiration of their British captors. Signor Benuzzi makes no claims to literary merit, but he tells his tale straightforwardly and simply, and because it is such a good tale I should be surprised if you find it easy to put down, once you have picked it up.

On the other hand, Peter Grieve, the author of "The Wilderness Voyage" (Cape; 15s.), was a trained journalist and a natural writer. What a delightfully astringent style he had! (I fear I must use the past tense as we shall have no further books from his pen. Peter Grieve died in New Delhi some eighteen months ago.) This is a story of a journey virtually the length of the navigable Amazon which he made for his newspaper. If I were doing something profitable (such as running a correspondence course for would-be writers), I would recommend Peter Grieve's book as the perfect example of how a travel-book should be written. It is very vivid. It is urbane. It is sardonic. Like Mr. Churchill, who once described Brazil as an "El Dorado" which he wished to visit, it makes me more than ever wish to visit Amazonia.

Another remarkable book of travel and exploration is "The American Expedition," by Sven Waxell (Hodge; 15s.). The Tsar Peter the Great was at some pains to discover—through an Oriental desire not to lose face—the full extent of his dominions in the direction of Siberia. He was particularly anxious to know where Asia ended and America began and if, indeed, there was any gap between the two continents. The expedition which he sent produced no very definite result, so that it was left for the great Vitus Bering to undertake the famous journey of discovery which was here recorded. It is not, however, recorded by Bering himself, but by his second-in-command, Sven Waxell, a young Dane in the Russian service. The manuscript has been lost for nearly 200 years, but its freshness and attraction is as great as it must have been to Waxell's contemporaries. One passage has a modern ring, showing that, with Russia, it is a case of *plus ça change*. . . . "In Tobolsk our company was reinforced with some 200 soldiers and there, too, we received about 1500 deported persons (the italics are mine) who were to work on board our vessels on the rivers."

One essential for the Bering-Waxell expedition was the ability to make boats and other vessels out of local materials. Mr. T. C. Lethbridge, the author of "Boats and Boatmen" (Thames and Hudson; 15s.), would have made a useful addition to their company. Mr. Lethbridge is a keen sailor. He is also a knowledgeable archaeologist. As a result, his account of the boats and boatmen of the West, embellished with a wealth of archaeological and historical detail, will find a ready public outside the ranks of those who are themselves keen sailors. His expertise ranges from the magical origins of many of the modern superstitions connected with the sea—the bottle of wine broken against a new ship's bows before she goes down the slipway takes the place of a man, human sacrifice being an important element, with nearly all the ancients, in securing luck for the ship and its company—to the design and construction of almost every type of ship which has sailed the waters of the Western world. A pleasantly written and delightfully illustrated book.

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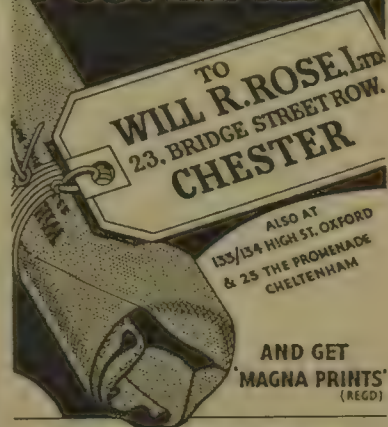
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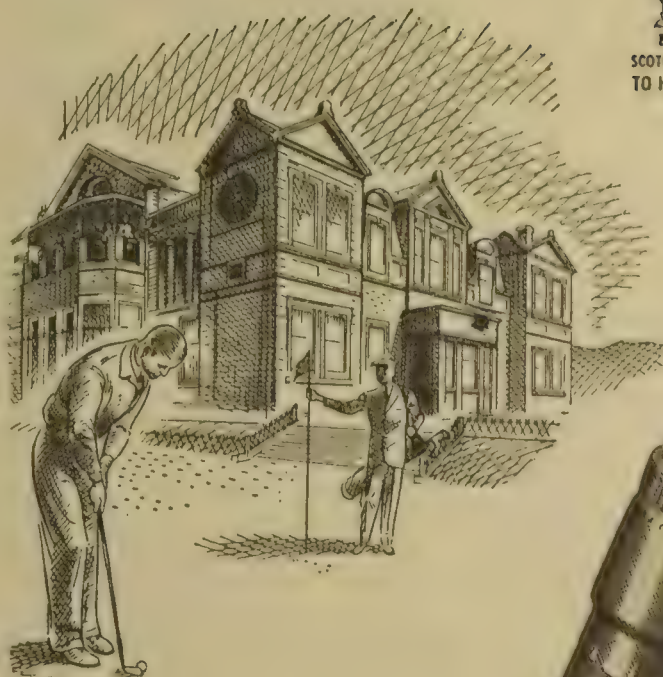
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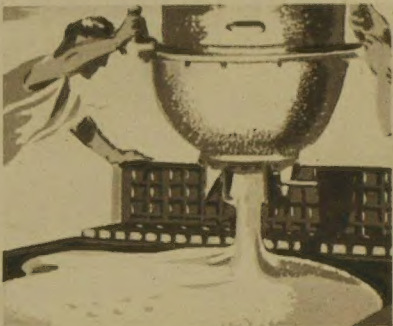
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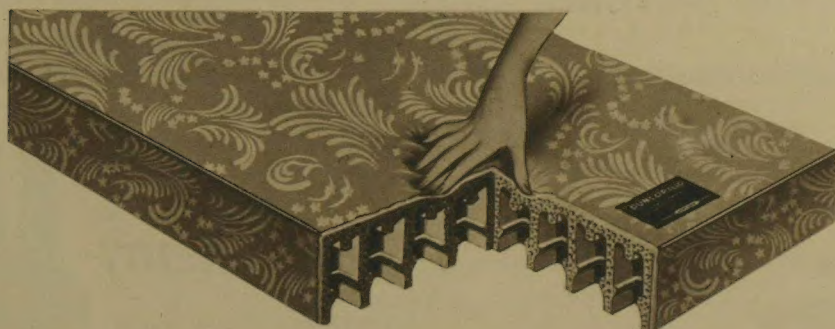


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